

THE LIVING AGE.

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A REPLY.

So, so, you tell me, friend, that you
Hold no faith proved, and few men
true;

That in this scheme of things below
A "thinking heart that makes no show"
Wins little praise, has scarce more
power

Than the least drop of Spring's least
shower.

That easeful life alone is gain,
That prayer, love, art, and fame are
vain,

In short, 'twere wiser to sit still,
To ply a mild subservient quill,
Or better, neither read, nor write,
Nor love, nor hate, nor pray, nor fight,
No mortal save ourselves to please,
But eat and drink, and take our ease,
Rest and be thankful, aye, or rest
And *not* be thankful. Share no jest,
No heights to climb, no depths to
sound,

But sit, sit, sit, till we be found,
Sans teeth, or taste, or wit or will,
White-haired or bald, yet sitting still,
God help us! in our dim old age,
Like "Polly," in a well-warmed cage!

Well! well! Your creed, if dull, seems
sound.

It stands, I own, on long-tried ground,
Clearer, I fear, its scope you see
Than mine, alas! is seen by me.
And yet—for there hath been a "yet"
Since man first did his kind beget—
A "yet" this time of scope immense,
Which covers the whole world of sense,
Of sense, aye, and of spirit too,
All that this circumambient blue
O'er-arches; order, species, nation,
Our world-wide, sentient creation.

For see! E'en "Polly" has her place,
Not wholly mean, I deem, her case,
Behind her mistress and her cage,
Her sugar, and her wicker stage,
She hath, methinks, a master too—
The same that owneth me and you!
The hand that guards her foolish life
Swings the broad scales of peace and
strife,

Reshapes the arch of change afar,
Renews the sun, and steers the star.
Then if from Him, as some still deem,

Comes all we see, and most we dream,
If nothing 'scapes that thinking eye
Under the blue or cloud-filled sky,
If He who laid down land and sea
Still feeds the shrimp and trains the
bee,

Observes which way the squirrels
bound,

Measures the strength of horse and
hound,

Follows the hawk-moth's devious chase,
The lacefly's dainty flitting grace;
Down Ocean's valleys tracks the seal,
A mile below yon lumbering keel;
Perceives the blue vellela frail
Lift from the brine its glassy sail;
Reckons the hydroid's countless bells.
The coral polyp's myriad cells—
In one immortal grasp immense
Gathers all things of life and sense—
May He not, oh my prescient friend,
To your and my poor needs attend?

Emily Lawless.

The Outlook.

THE WOOL-GATHERER.

Where hast thou been in the wind and
rain?

"Gathering wool on a far plain.

"Four shepherds keep those flocks afar
In pastures where no hedgerows are.

"They give no tithe, they take no hire,
They warm their hands at no man's
fire.

"When one has driven the flocks all
day,
At no far fold they make their stay.

"For one comes hot-foot o'er the plain
And drives them hurrying back again.

"Though the yield should fill the
world's wains full,
Never to market comes the wool.

"They cast it all, those wastrel herds,
To naked stars and screaming birds.

"It makes no rug nor coat of frieze;
It makes men shrouds in stormy seas."

C. Fox Smith.

The Academy.

THE END OF THE AGE.

ON THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION.

"Was there ever so much to do? Our age is a revolutionary one in the best sense of the word, — not of physical, but moral revolution. Higher ideas of the social state, and of human perfection, are at work." — W. E. CHANNING.

"Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." — John viii., 32.

§ I.

In Gospel language the age and the end of the age does not signify the end and the beginning of a century, but the end of one view of life, of one faith, of one method of social intercourse between men and the commencement of another view of life, another faith, another method of social intercourse. In the Gospel it is said that during the transition from one age to another all kinds of calamities shall take place—treacheries, frauds, cruelties, and wars, and that owing to lawlessness love will slacken. I understand these words not as a supernatural prophecy, but as an indication that when the faith, the form of life in which men lived, is being replaced by another, when that which is outlived and old is falling off and being replaced by the new; then great disturbances, cruelties, frauds, treacheries, and every kind of lawlessness must unavoidably take place, and in consequence of this lawlessness love, the most important and necessary quality for the social life of men, must slacken. This is what is now taking place not only in Russia but in all the Christian world. In Russia it has only manifested itself more vividly and openly, but in all Christendom the same is going on only in a concealed or latent state. I think that at present—at this very time—the life of the Christian nations is near to the limit dividing the old epoch which

is ending from the new which is beginning. I think that now at this very time that great revolution has begun which for almost 2000 years has been preparing in all Christendom, a revolution consisting in the substitution of true Christianity and founded upon it the recognition of the equality of all and of that true liberty natural to all rational beings, for a distorted Christianity and the power of one portion of mankind and the slavery of another founded upon that. The external symptoms of this I see in the strenuous struggle between classes in all nations, in the cold cruelty of the wealthy, the exasperation and despair of the poor, the insane, senseless, ever increasing armaments of all States against each other, the spread of the unrealizable teaching of socialism, dreadful in its despotism and wonderful in its superficiality; in the futility and stupidity of the idle discussions and examinations upheld as the most important mental activity called science; in the morbid depravation and emptiness of art in all its manifestations; and above all, not only the absence of any religion in the leading spheres but in the deliberate negation of all religion, and by the substitution of the legality of the oppression of the weak by the strong, and, therefore, in the complete absence of any rational guiding principles in life. Such are the general symptoms of the approach-

ing revolution, or rather of that preparedness for revolution, which the Christian nations have attained. The temporary historical symptoms, or the final push which must begin the revolution, is the Russo-Japanese War just terminated, and along with that the revolutionary movement which has now burst out, and never before existed, amongst the Russian people.

The cause of the defeat of the Russian army and fleet by the Japanese is attributed to unfortunate accidental circumstances, to the abuses of Russian statesmen, the cause of the revolutionary movement in Russia is attributed to the bad government, to the increased activity of the revolutionists; and the result of these events appears in the eyes of Russian as well as foreign politicians to consist in the weakening of Russia, in a displacement of the centre of gravity in international relations, and in the alteration of the form of government of the Russian State. But I think that these events have a much more important significance. The rout of the Russian army and fleet, the rout of the Russian State organization, is not merely the rout of the army, the fleet, and of the Russian State, but the symptoms of the beginning of the destruction of the Russian State. The destruction of the Russian State in its turn is, in my opinion, a sign of the beginning of the destruction of the whole of the false Christian civilization. It is the end of the old and the beginning of the new age.

That which has brought Christian nations to the position in which they now are began long ago. It began from the time when Christianity was recognized as a State religion—a State founded upon coercion, demanding for its existence complete obedience to its laws in preference to the religious law; a State unable to exist without executions, armies, and wars; a State attributing almost divine authority to

its rulers; a State extolling wealth and power. And such an institution in the persons of its rulers and subjects professes to accept the Christian religion which proclaims complete equality and freedom amongst men, recognizes one law of God as higher than all other laws—a religion which not only repudiates all coercion, all retribution, executions, and wars, but also enjoins love to one's enemies, which extols not power and wealth, but meekness and poverty—such an institution in the persons of its heathen rulers accepted this Christian religion not in its true sense, but in that distorted form according to which the Pagan organization of life continues to be possible. Both the rulers and their counsellors in most cases completely fail to understand the essence of true Christianity, and are quite sincerely revolted against those who profess and preach Christianity in its true meaning, and with a quiet conscience they execute and banish them and forbid them to preach Christianity in its true sense. The priesthood forbids the reading of the Gospels, and arrogates to itself alone the right of explaining Holy Writ; it invents complicated sophisms justifying the impossible union of the State and Christianity, and institutes solemn rites for the hypnotization of the people. And for ages the majority of men live regarding themselves as Christians without even suspecting a hundredth part of the meaning of true Christianity. Yet, however great was the prestige of the State, however long was the duration of its triumph, however cruelly Christianity was suppressed, it was impossible to stifle the truth once expressed which disclosed to man his soul, and constitutes the essence of Christianity. The longer such a position continued the clearer became the contradiction between the Christian teaching of meekness and love and the State—an institution of pride and co-

erclon. The greatest dam in the world cannot retain a source of living water. The water will inevitably find a way either through the dam or by washing it away or circumventing it. It is only a question of time. So it has been with true Christianity hidden by State power. For long the State kept back the living water, but the time has now come and Christianity is destroying the dam which restrained it, and is carrying its wreckage away with it. The external symptoms of the approach of this time at the present moment I see in the easy victory which the Japanese, almost without effort, have secured over Russia and in those disturbances which simultaneously with this war have spread in all classes of the Russian people.

§ II.

As always has been, and is the case, in regard to all defeats, so also now people attempt to explain the defeat of the Russians by the bad organization of the Russian military department, by the abuses and blunders of the commanders and so forth. But this is not the chief point. The reason of the successes of the Japanese is not so much in the bad government of Russia, nor in the bad organization of the Russian army, as in the great positive superiority of the Japanese in the military art. Japan has conquered not because the Russians are weak, but because Japan is at the present time perhaps the most powerful State in the world, both on land and on sea; and this is so, firstly, because all those technical scientific improvements which once gave predominance in strife to Christian nations over un-Christian have been assimilated by the Japanese—owing to their practical capacities and the importance they attach to the military art—much more successfully than by the Christian nations; secondly, because the Jap-

anese are by nature braver and more indifferent to death than the Christian nations are at present; thirdly, because the warlike patriotism utterly incompatible with Christianity which has been with so much effort inculcated by Christian Governments amongst their peoples, is yet extant in all its untouched power among the Japanese; fourthly, because servilely submitting to the despotic authority of the deified Mikado, the strength of the Japanese is more concentrated and unified than the strength of those nations who have outlived their servile submission. In a word, the Japanese have had and have got an enormous advantage: in that they are not Christians.

However distorted be Christianity amongst Christian nations it yet, however vaguely, lives in their consciousness, and men are Christians. At all events the best amongst them cannot devote all their mental powers to the invention and preparation of weapons of murder; cannot fail to regard martial patriotism more or less indifferently; cannot, like the Japanese, cut open their stomachs merely that they may avoid surrendering themselves as prisoners to the foe; cannot blow themselves up into the air together with the enemy as used previously to be the case. They no longer value the military virtues and military heroism as much as formerly; they respect less and less the military class; they can no longer without consciousness of insult to human dignity servilely submit to authority; and above all they, or at least the majority of them, can no longer commit murder with indifference.

In all times, even in peaceful activities inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, Christian nations could not compete with non-Christian. So it was, and continues to be, in the monetary strife with non-Christians. However badly and fallaciously Christian-

ity may be interpreted the Christian recognizes (and the more so the more he is a Christian) that wealth is not the highest good and, therefore, he cannot devote to it all his powers, as does he who has no ideals higher than wealth, or who regards wealth as a divine blessing. The same in the sphere of non-Christian science and art; in these spheres, both of positive experimental science and of art which places pleasure as its aim, the precedence has belonged, does, and always must belong to the least Christian individuals and nations. What we see in the manifestation of peaceful activity was bound to exist all the more in that activity of war which is directly repudiated by true Christianity. It is this inevitable advantage in the military art of non-Christian over Christian nations which, given equal means of military science, has been so unmistakably demonstrated in the brilliant victory of the Japanese over the Russians.

And it is in this inevitable and necessary superiority of non-Christian nations that lies the enormous significance of the Japanese victory.

The significance of the victory of the Japanese consists in this: that this victory has shown in the most obvious way not only to vanquished Russia, but also to the whole Christian world, all the futility of the external culture of which Christian nations were so proud; it has proved that this external culture which appeared to them to be some kind of a specially important result of the age long efforts of Christendom is something very unimportant and so insignificant that the Japanese nation, distinguished by no specially superior spiritual qualities when it needed this culture could in a few decades assimilate all the scientific wisdom of the Christian nations inclusive of bacteria and explosives, and could so well adapt this wisdom to practical purposes that

in its adaptation to the military art, and in the military art itself—so highly valued by Christian nations—it could surpass all these nations.

For ages the Christian nations, under the pretext of self-defence, have competed in inventing the most effectual methods of destroying each other (methods immediately adopted by all their opponents), and they have made use of these methods both for the intimidation of each other and for the acquirement of every kind of advantage over uncivilized nations in Africa and Asia. And lo! amongst the non-Christian nations, there appears one warlike, adroit, and imitative which, having seen the danger threatening it together with other non-Christian nations, with extraordinary facility and celerity assimilated all which military superiority had given Christian nations, and became stronger than them, having understood the simple truth that if you are beaten with a stout and strong club you have to take a similar or still thicker and stronger club, and with it strike the one who strikes you. The Japanese very quickly and easily assimilated this wisdom, and at the same time all this military science, and possessing besides, all the advantages of religious despotism and patriotism, they have manifested military power which has proved stronger than the most powerful military State. The victory of the Japanese over the Russians has shown all the military States that military power is no longer in their hands, but has passed, or is soon bound to pass, into other un-Christian hands, since it is not difficult for other non-Christian nations in Asia and Africa, being oppressed by Christians, to follow the example of Japan, and having assimilated the military technics of which we are so proud, not only to free themselves, but to wipe off all the Christian States from the face of the earth.

Therefore, by the issue of this war,

Christian Governments are in the most obvious way brought to the necessity of still further strengthening those military preparations, whose cost has already crushed their people, and while doubling their armaments still foresee that in time the Pagan nations oppressed by them will, like the Japanese, acquire the military art and throw off their yoke and avenge themselves on them no longer by words but by bitter experience. This war has confirmed, not only for Russians, but also for all Christian nations, the simple truth that coercion can lead to nothing but the increase of calamities and suffering.

This victory has shown that, occupying themselves with the increase of their military power, Christian nations have been doing not only an evil and immoral work, but a work opposed to the Christian spirit which lives in them—a work in which they, as Christian nations, must always be excelled and beaten by non-Christian nations. This victory has shown the Christian nations that all to which their Governments directed their activity has been ruinous to them, and an unnecessary exhaustion of their strength, and above all the raising up for themselves of more powerful foes amongst non-Christian nations. This war has proved in the most obvious way that the power of Christian nations can in no wise lie in military power contrary to the Christian spirit, and that if the Christian nations wish to remain Christian, their efforts should be directed not at all to military power, but to something different: to such an organization of life which, flowing from the Christian teaching, will give to men the greatest welfare, not by means of rude violence, but by means of rational co-operation and love.

In this lies the great significance for the Christian world of the victory of the Japanese.

§ III.

The Japanese victory has shown all Christendom the fallacy of the way along which Christian nations were, and are, advancing. To the Russian people, moreover, this war with its dreadful, senseless suffering and squandering of labor and life has shown—besides the contradiction common to all Christian nations between Christianity and coercive State organization—the dreadful danger in which they are continually placed by obeying their Governments.

Without any necessity, but for some or other dark personal purposes through some or other insignificant individuals finding themselves at the head of the State, the Russian Government has thrown the nation into an insensate war, which in any case could have but evil consequences for the Russian people. Hundreds of thousands of lives are lost, the products of the people's labor are lost, the glory of Russia is lost, for those who were proud of it. Worst of all, those responsible for these atrocities, far from feeling their guilt, reproach others for all that has happened, and still remaining in their old position, may to-morrow cast the Russian people into yet worse calamities.

Every revolution begins when Society has outgrown the view of life on which the existing forms of social life were founded, when the contradiction between life such as it is and life such as it should be and might be, becomes so evident to the majority that they feel the impossibility of continuing existence under former conditions. The revolution begins in that nation wherein the greater number of men are conscious of this contradiction. As to the revolutionary methods these depend on the object towards which the revolution tends.

In 1793 the consciousness of the contradiction between the idea of the

equality of men and the despotic power of kings, priesthood, nobility, and bureaucracy was felt not only by the nations suffering from oppression, but also by the best men of the ruling classes in all Christendom. But nowhere were these classes so sensitive to this inequality, and nowhere was the consciousness of the people so little stultified by servitude as in France, and therefore the revolution of 1793 began precisely in France. And the most adequate means of realizing equality naturally seemed to be to forcibly take back that which the authorities possessed, and therefore the participators of that revolution realized their aims by violence.

At the present date, 1905, the contradiction between the consciousness of the possibility and the lawfulness of free life on the one hand, and on the other of the unreason and disaster of obedience to coercive authority, arbitrarily depriving people of the product of their labor for armaments which can have no end, of authority capable at any moment of compelling nations to participate in insensate and cruel manslaughter—this contradiction is felt not only by the masses suffering from this coercion, but also by the best men of the ruling classes. Nowhere is this contradiction felt so strongly as amongst the Russian people. This contradiction is felt especially strongly in the Russian nation, owing both to the insane and humiliating war into which they have been drawn by the Government and to the agricultural life yet retained by the Russian people, but above all owing to the particularly vital Christian consciousness of this people. This is why I think that the revolution of 1905 having for its object the liberation of men from coercion must begin and has already begun in Russia. The means of realizing the objects of a revolution for the freedom of men obviously must be other than

that violence by which men have hitherto attempted to realize equality. The men of the great French revolution wishing to attain equality might make the mistake of thinking that equality is attainable by coercion, although it would seem evident that equality cannot be secured by coercion, as coercion is in itself the keenest manifestation of inequality. But the freedom constituting the chief aim of the present revolution cannot in any case be attained by violence. Yet at the present the people who are producing the revolution in Russia think that the Russian revolution, having repeated all that has taken place in European revolutions with solemn funeral procession, destruction of prisons, brilliant speeches, "*Allez dire à votre maître*," constitutional assemblies and so forth, they having overthrown the existing Government, and having instituted constitutional monarchy or even a socialistic republic will attain the object at which the revolution aimed.

But history does not repeat itself. Violent revolution has outlived its time. All it can give men it has already given them, but at the same time it has shown what it cannot attain. The revolution now beginning in Russia amongst a population of 100,000,000 standing in quite a peculiar mental attitude, and taking place not in 1793 but in 1905, cannot possibly have the same objects, and be realized by the same methods, as the revolutions of sixty, eighty, a hundred years ago amongst German and Latin nations quite differently constituted.

The Russian agricultural nation of 100,000,000 which, as a matter of fact, means the whole nation, required not a Duma and not the grant of a certain kind of rights—the enumeration of which more than anything clearly demonstrates the absence of simple true freedom—not the substitution of one

form of coercive power for another, but a true and complete freedom from all coercive power.

The signification of the revolution beginning in Russia and hanging over all the world does not consist in the establishment of income tax or other taxes, nor in the separation of Church from State, nor in the acquirement by the State of social institutions, nor in the organization of elections and the imaginary participation of the people in the ruling power, nor in the founding of the most democratic, or even socialistic republic with universal suffrage — it consists only in *actual freedom*.

Freedom not imaginary, but actual, is attained not by barricades nor murders, not by any kind of new institution coercively introduced, but only by the cessation of obedience to any human authority whatever.

§ IV.

The fundamental cause of the impending revolution, as of all past and future revolutions, is a religious one.

By the word religion is usually understood either certain mystical definitions of the unseen world, certain rites, a cult supporting, consoling, and inspiring men in life, or else the explanation of the origin of the universe, or moral rules of life sanctioned by divine command; but true religion is before all else the disclosure of that supreme law common to all men which at any given time affords them the greatest welfare.

Amongst various nations, even before the Christian teaching, there was expressed and proclaimed a supreme religious law, common to all mankind and consisting in this, that men for their welfare should live not each for himself, but each for the good of all, for the mutual service (Buddha, Isaiah, Confucius, Lao-tze, the Stoics). The

law was proclaimed, and those who knew it could not but see all its truth and beneficence. But the customary life founded not upon mutual service but on violence had penetrated to such an extent into all institutions and habits that whilst people recognized the beneficence of the law of mutual service they continued to live according to the laws of violence, justifying this by the necessity of threats and retribution. It seemed to them that without threats, and without returning evil for evil, social life was impossible. Certain people for the establishment of order and the correction of men took upon themselves the duty of applying laws, i.e. violence, and while they commanded, others obeyed. But the rulers were inevitably depraved by the power they used. Then being themselves depraved instead of correcting men they transmitted to them their own depravity. Meanwhile those who obeyed were depraved by participation in the coercive actions of the rulers by the imitation of the rulers and by servile submission. One thousand nine hundred years ago Christianity appeared. Christianity confirmed with new force the law of mutual service and further explained the reasons why this law had not been fulfilled.

With extraordinary clearness the Christian teaching showed that this reason was the false idea about the lawfulness and the necessity of coercion for retribution. Having demonstrated from various sides the unlawfulness and harmfulness of retribution it showed that the greatest calamities of men proceeded from acts of violence which under the excuse of retribution are committed by some men upon others. The Christian teaching demonstrated not only the injustice but the harmfulness of vengeance, it showed that the only means of deliverance from violence is the submissive and peaceful endurance of it.

"Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away" (Matt. v., 38-42).

This teaching pointed out that if the judge as to the cases when force is admissible is the man who uses force then there will be no limit to violence, and therefore that there may not be violence it is necessary that *no one under any pretext whatsoever should use violence, especially under the most usual pretext of retribution.*

This teaching confirmed the simple self-evident truth that evil cannot be abolished by evil, and that the only means of diminishing the evil of violence is abstinence from violence.

The teaching was clearly expressed and established. But the false idea of the justice of retribution as a necessary condition of human life had become so deeply rooted, and so many people did not know the Christian teaching, or knew it only in a distorted form, that those who had accepted the law of Jesus yet continued to live according to the law of violence. The leaders of the Christian world thought that it was possible to accept the teaching of mutual service without that teaching of non-resistance which constitutes the key-stone of the whole teaching of the mutual life of mankind. To accept the law of mutual service without accepting the commandment of non-resistance was the same as to build an arch without securing it where it meets.

Christian people, imagining that with-

out having accepted the commandment of non-resistance, they could arrange a life better than the pagan, continued to do not only what non-Christian nations did, but things much worse, and increasingly departed from the Christian life. The essence of Christianity owing to its incomplete acceptance became more and more concealed, and Christian nations at last attained the position in which they now are, namely, the transformation of Christian nations into inimical camps giving all their powers to arming themselves against each other, and ready at any moment to devour each other; and they have reached the position that they not only arm themselves against each other, but have also armed and are arming against themselves the non-Christian nations who hate them and have risen against them; and above all they have reached the complete repudiation not only of Christianity but of any higher law in life whatever.

In the distortion of the higher law of mutual service and of the commandment of non-resistance given by the Christian teaching which renders this law possible—in this lies the fundamental religious cause of the impending revolution.

§ V.

Not only did the Christian teaching show that vengeance, and the return of evil for evil, is disadvantageous and unreasonable since it increases the evil—it showed moreover that non-resistance to evil by violence, the bearing of every kind of violence without violently striving against it, is the only means for the attainment of that true freedom which is natural to man. The teaching showed that the moment a man enters into strife against violence he thereby deprives himself of freedom, for by admitting violence on his part towards others, he thereby admits

also violence against himself, and therefore can be conquered by the violence against which he has striven; and even if he remain the victor yet entering into the sphere of external strife he is always in danger of being in the future conquered by a yet stronger violence.

This teaching showed that only that man can be free who sets as his aim the fulfilment of the higher law, common to all mankind, and for which there can be no obstacle. The teaching showed that the one means both for the diminution of violence in the world and for the attainment of complete freedom, is the submissive peaceful endurance of all violence whatsoever.

The Christian teaching proclaimed the law of the complete freedom of man, but under the necessary condition of submitting to this higher law in all its significance.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—*Matt. x. 28.*

Those who accepted this teaching in all its significance, obeying the higher law, were free from any other obedience. They submissively bore violence from men, but they did not obey men in things incompatible with the higher law.

Thus acted the first Christians when they were a small number amongst pagan nations.

They refused to obey Governments in matters incompatible with the higher law which they called the law of God, they were persecuted and executed for this, but they did not obey man and were free. But when whole nations living in established state organizations supported by violence were by means of the external rite of baptism recognized as Christians, the relation of the Christians to the authorities

completely altered. Government by the help of a servile priesthood inculcated into its subjects that violence and murder might be perpetrated when they were resorted to for just retribution and in defence of the oppressed and weak. Besides this, by forcing men to swear allegiance to the authorities, i.e. to vow before God that they would unreservedly fulfil all that might be commanded by the authorities, the Governments reduced their subjects to such a state that people regarding themselves as Christians ceased to look upon violence and murder as forbidden. Committing violence and murder themselves they naturally submitted to the same when perpetrated upon them. And it came to this, that Christian men, instead of the freedom proclaimed by Jesus—instead of as formerly regarding as a duty the endurance of every violence while obeying no one except God—began to understand their duties in a directly opposite sense. They began to regard as humiliating peaceful endurance—to honor and to regard as their most sacred duty obedience to the authority of Governments, thus become slaves. Educated in these traditions they were not only unashamed of their slavery, but were proud of the power of their Governments, as slaves are always proud of the greatness of their masters.

From this distortion of Christianity there has latterly developed yet a new deceit which secured the Christian nations in their oppression. This deceit consists in inculcating in a given nation—by means of a complicated organization of suffrage and representation in governmental institutions—that by electing the one who will then with others elect this or that score of candidates unknown to him, or by directly electing their representatives, they become participators in governmental power, and that therefore in obeying

the Government they are but obeying themselves and so are presumably free.

This deceit, it would seem, ought to have been obvious both theoretically and practically, as even with the most democratic organization and universal suffrage the people cannot express their will; they cannot express it, firstly, because there does not and cannot exist such a universal will of a nation of many millions; and secondly, because even if such a universal will of the whole people did exist a majority of votes could never express it, and they do not themselves know nor can know what they require. And this deceit, not to mention the circumstance that the elected representatives who participate in the Government, institute laws and rule the people, not with a view to their welfare but in most cases guided only by the object of retaining their position and power amidst the strife of parties. Not to mention the corruption of the nation by every kind of fraud, stultification, and bribery produced by the deceit, the deceit is especially pernicious in the voluntary slavery to which it reduces men who fall under its influence. Those fallen under the influence of this deceit imagine that in obeying the Government they obey themselves, and never make up their minds to disobey the ordinances of human authority, even though the latter be contrary not only to their personal tastes, interests, and desires, but also to the higher law and to their consciences. Yet the actions and measures of the Governments of such pseudo-self-governing nations determined by the complex strife of parties and intrigues, by the strife of ambition and greed, depend as little upon the will and desire of the whole nation as the action and measures of the most despotic Governments. These men are as prisoners imagining that they are free if they have the

right to vote in the election of the jailers for the internal administrative measures in the prison.

A subject of the most despotic—Dahomeyan—Government can be completely free although he may be subjected to cruel violence on the part of the authorities he has not established; but a member of a constitutional State is always a slave because, imagining that he has participated or may participate in his Government, he recognizes the legality of all violence perpetrated upon him; he obeys all the orders of the authorities, so that people in constitutional States imagining that they are free, owing to this very imagination lose the idea itself of what true freedom is. Such people imagining that they are freeing themselves more and more surrender themselves into increasing slavery to their Governments. Nothing demonstrates so clearly the increasing enslavement of nations as the growth, spread, and success of socialistic theories: that is the tendency towards greater and greater slavery.

Although the Russian people in this respect are placed in more advantageous conditions since hitherto they never have participated in power, and so have not yet been deprived by such participation, still the Russian people like other nations have been subjected to all the deceits of the glorification of authority, of oaths, of the prestige and greatness of the State, and of the fatherland, and they also regard it as their duty to obey the Government in everything. Latterly, too, short-sighted men of Russian society have endeavored to reduce the Russian people also to that constitutional slavery in which the other European nations find themselves.

So that the chief consequence of the non-acceptance of the law of non-resistance, besides the calamity of universal armament and of war, has been the greater and greater loss of freedom

for those who profess the distorted law of Jesus.

§ VI.

The distortion of the teaching of Jesus with the non-acceptance of the commandment of non-resistance has brought Christian nations to mutual enmity and to consequent calamities as well as to continually increasing slavery, and people of the Christian world are beginning to feel the weight of this slavery. This is the fundamental general cause of the approaching revolution. The particular and temporary causes owing to which this revolution is beginning at this very time, consist firstly in the insanity of growing militarism of the peoples of the Christian world as it stands revealed in the Japanese war, and secondly in the increasing state of calamity and dissatisfaction of the working people proceeding from their being deprived of their legitimate and natural right to use the land.

These two causes are common to all Christian nations, but owing to special historical conditions of the life of the Russian nation they are felt by it more acutely than by other nations and at this particular time. The misery of its position flowing from obedience to the Government has become especially evident to the Russian people not, I think, only through the dreadful insane war into which their Government has drawn them, but also because the attitude of the Russian people to the ruling powers has been always different from that of European nations. The Russian people have never struggled with their rulers, and, above all, having never participated in power, have not been deprived by such participation.

The Russian people have always regarded power not as a good thing towards which it is natural for every

man to strive, as the majority of European nations regard power (and as unfortunately some corrupt people of the Russian nation are already regarding it), but it has always looked upon power as an evil which man should avoid. The majority of the Russian nation have therefore always preferred to bear all kinds of physical misery proceeding from violence rather than accept the spiritual responsibility of participating in it. So that the Russian people in its majority has submitted to power, and is submitting to it, not because they cannot overthrow it as the revolutionists wish to teach them to do, and not because they cannot attain such participation as the Liberals wish to teach them to attain, but because in their majority the Russian people have always preferred, and do prefer, submission to violence rather than strife with it or participation in it. This is how a despotic Government was established and has maintained itself in Russia, that is, the simple violence of the strong and pugnacious over the weak or those not desirous of struggling.

The legend of the call of the Variags¹ obviously composed after the Variags had already conquered the Slavonians fully expresses the relation of the Russian people towards power even before Christianity. "We ourselves do not wish to participate in the sins of power. If you do not regard it as a sin, come and govern us." By this same attitude towards power can be explained the submission of the Russian people to the most cruel and insane autocrats often even not Russian, from Ivan IV. down to Nicholas II.

Thus in older times did the Russian people regard power and their relation towards it. Even now the majority look upon it in the same way. It is

¹ Leaders of Scandinavian origin which are said to have been invited in 862 by the Slavonic tribes of Russia to rule over them.—(Trans.)

true that, as in other States, the same deceits, by which Christian people have been unconsciously compelled not only to submit but to obey in deeds contrary to Christianity, have been perpetrated also in relation to the Russian people. But these deceits reached only the upper, corrupt layers of the people, whereas the majority have retained that view of power by which man regards it as better to bear suffering from violence than to participate in the violence.

The cause of such an attitude of the Russian people towards power consists, I think, in this: that in the Russian nation more than in other nations has been conserved true Christianity as a teaching of brotherhood, equality, humility, and love, the Christianity which sees a radical difference between submitting to violence and obeying it. A true Christian may submit, he even cannot but submit without strife to every violence, but he cannot obey it, *i.e.* recognize its lawfulness. However much Governments in general, and the Russian Government in particular, have striven, and are striving, to replace this truly Christian attitude towards power by the orthodox "Christian" teaching, the Christian spirit and the distinction between "*submission*" to power and "*obedience*" continues to live in the great majority of the Russian working people.

The incompatibility between governmental coercion and Christianity has never ceased to be felt by the majority of the Russian people, and this contradiction has been especially keenly and distinctly felt by the more sensitive Christians, who did not embrace the distorted teaching of orthodoxy, by the so-called sectarians. These Christians of various denominations did not recognize the lawfulness of governmental power. From fear the majority submitted to Government demands which they regarded as unlawful,

whilst some of the minority circumvented the demands by various devices, or else fled from them. When with the introduction of universal conscriptions State coercion threw, as it were, a challenge to all true Christians, demanding from every man readiness to kill, many orthodox Russian people began to understand the incompatibility of Christianity with power. At the same time non-orthodox Christians of the most various denominations began categorically to refuse to become soldiers. And although there were not many such refusals (hardly one in a thousand conscripts), still their significance was great, since these refusals—which called forth cruel executions and persecutions on the part of the Government—opened the eyes no longer of sectarians only but of all Russian people to the un-Christian demands of the Government, and an enormous majority of people who previously had not thought about the contradiction between the divine and human law saw this contradiction and amongst the majority of the Russian nation there began the invisible, persistent, incalculable work of the liberation of consciousness. Such was the position of the Russian nation when the utterly unjustifiable Japanese war broke out. It is this war—coupled with the development of reading and writing, with the universal dissatisfaction, and above all with the necessity of calling out for the first time hundreds of thousands of middle-aged men dispersed over all Russia, and now torn from their families and rational labor (the reservists), for a glaringly insane and cruel purpose—this war served as the final impetus which transformed the invisible and persistent inner development into a clear consciousness of the unlawfulness and sinfulness of the Government.

This consciousness has expressed itself, and is now expressing itself, in

the most varied and momentous events: in the refusal of reservists to enter the army; in desertions from the army; in refusals to shoot and fight, especially in refusals to shoot at one's comrades during suppression of revolts; and above all in the continually increasing number of cases of refusal to take the oath and enter the military service. For the Russian people of our time, for the great majority of them, there has arisen in all its great

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significance the question as to whether it be right before God—before one's conscience—to obey the Government which demands what is contrary to the Christian law.

In this question arisen amongst the Russian nation consists one of the causes of the great revolution which is approaching and perhaps has already begun.

Leo Tolstoy.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FARMER HOUNSELL MAKES HIS WILL.

People are prone to speak of "gratitude for small mercies" in a tone which would seem rather to cavil at the defection of greater ones than to express real thankfulness for the slight benefits in question.

Nevertheless, some of these trivial blessings occasionally evoke a degree of satisfaction more immediate and more openly expressed than that which hails some larger boon.

When Mr. Cherry, the Branstons lawyer, after an hour's jogging along the dusty high road, turned aside into a green lane bordered by a plantation, he heaved a sigh of such heartfelt relief and thankfulness as could not have been drawn from him by an unexpected legacy. Leaning back in his high dogcart he let the reins hang loose on the cob's back, took off his hat, and looked about him. Through the fir wood he could only catch occasional glimpses of blue sky and sunlit grass; but on the other side of the track all was open country—pasture, woodland, fields of young waving corn, meadows

—not an inch of the soil before him but had its value.

The lawyer gazed at the scene with an eye as appreciative of its worth as of its beauty.

"And the greater part of it belongs to that poor old chap!" he remarked, half aloud, with a sigh that this time was one of commiseration.

Just as he had gathered up the reins again and administered an admonitory flick of the whip to the fat cob, which acknowledged the attention with a scarcely perceptible flap of its tail, the sound of another horse's feet fell upon his ear, and, looking up, he descried the well-known form of the Branstons doctor cantering round the corner of the plantation.

"You got my note all right, then?" queried this last comer, as he reined up beside Mr. Cherry.

The other nodded.

"I was wondering how soon he would send for me," he observed. "Mrs. Hounsell was getting anxious, I fancy."

"Well, I put it to the old fellow pretty straight last night," said Dr. Wareham. "I told him if he wanted

to get his affairs in order he hadn't any time to lose."

"He didn't like that, I suppose?" returned Mr. Cherry. "It's funny how difficult it is to induce a man of that kind to make his will. They think it's all up with 'em if they do."

"Old Hounsell knows pretty well it's all up with him, anyhow," returned the doctor. "He told me so himself just now. He's a queer old fellow. He shook hands with me quite solemnly. 'It's no use, doctor,' said he; 'you've done your best for me, but I've got to shift.'"

"To *what*?" cried the lawyer, laughing and tickling the pony's ear with the end of his whip.

"To shift," repeated the doctor; "to shift to the New House. Have you never heard that expression? They all use it in these parts when they mean that they are going to die. Call yourself a Dorset man! Well, old Hounsell is Dorset to the backbone—never heard a man of his standing talk so broad; and he could buy up most of us three times over!"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Cherry; "they used to say it was an odd thing to see Farmer Hounsell in the hunting-field touching his hat to men of not half his wealth. He sticks to the old traditions. 'I'm no gentleman and don't set up to be,' he says. 'I'm a yeoman, as my father was before me, and the rest o' the Hounsell's for nigh upon two hundred year—I don't ax to be no better,' says the old chap."

He laughed again, and once more tightened the reins.

"Well, if he has not much time to spare, I'd better be getting on," he observed, with a valedictory nod; and the doctor nodded too, and pursued his way.

Mr. Cherry jogged on at a pace more accommodating to the cob's humor than to his now growing impatience.

After skirting the fir wood for some time he turned off abruptly into a still narrower track culminating in a long hill, at the foot of which nestled a small and antiquated village. His advent caused a considerable amount of excitement among the inhabitants. Heads were craned after him, thumbs were jerked knowingly in the direction taken by the fat cob; gossips gathered round sundry gates and doorposts to discuss the event.

"That be Lawyer Cherry from Branston." "E-es; Lawyer Cherry it be. He be a-go in to Hounsell's to make the old maister's will."

"A-h-h-h!" in a varying chorus of curiosity and compassion. Then a woman's voice, shrill and eager: "He be a-go in' fast they do tell I. E-es; when I went up for a drap of milk this mornin', Deb, what's dairywoman to Hounsell's, she did tell I as Mr. Hounsell was a-sinkin' fast. Her eyes was very near a-swole out of her head. Says she: 'He can't so much as touch a new-laid egg now!'"

"Ah-h-h!" came the chorus again; and then one good woman was overheard telling her neighbor that if a man couldn't touch a new-laid egg he must be past everything in this "mortal" world; whereupon her husband burst into a loud guffaw.

"There she do go. She do keep up a regular charm about eggs, and chicken, and such like. That be my wold 'ooman for ye! 'Tis a wonder she don't bust out all over feathers."

The jest was not well received; it was felt to be at variance with the prevailing gloom, and the speaker, after a tentative glance round, hastened to assume a becoming gravity.

"It do seem a wonderful visitation as maister should be took so sudden. 'Tis but a month since he did pass I on the road. I were a-gettin' together a few scrapin's for my bit o' ground—it be terrible p'isoned wi' all they

chicken what my wold 'ooman do set such store by—so I were gettin' together a few scrapin's, when Mr. Hounsell come by. 'Nice stuff that, Jan,' says he, so pleasant. 'What do you want it for?' Well, I told him, and he said 'twas the bestest thing I could use. 'The very bestest thing,' says he. He was looking so well and hearty as a man of his years could look at the time, and that were Tuesday, as it mid be Saturday he took to his bed."

Appreciative groans greeted this remarkable anecdote, and presently the groups dispersed, and the village folk returned to their various avocations, not without a certain pleasant sense of expectancy. The bell would soon be tolling, some one opined. Farmer Hounsell was sure to have a real nice funeral, and it was *something*, one good woman feelingly remarked to her neighbor, as she plunged her arms afresh into her steaming tub—"it was *something* to have a bit o' stir come about that there terr'ble quiet place."

Meanwhile the person who had given rise to so much excited commentary was lying placid enough in his big four-post bed in that upper room of the gabled manor-house which had belonged to his family for so many generations. Farmer Hounsell still retained his old-fashioned four-poster, though the humblest of his laborers slept in beds of modern make. This couch was furnished with mountainous feather beds and heavy hangings, and, moreover, faced the window. The difficulty of breathing was thereby increased, and the light dazzled his enfeebled eyes; but what was good enough for Farmer Hounsell's father was good enough for him. The bed had always stood in that particular place, and he was not the man to alter a custom for the sake of mere personal convenience.

When Mr. Cherry entered the room his client looked up with a smile, and

a faint movement of his hand towards an imaginary forelock.

He was a big, strongly made old man, commanding even in his weakness. Though he had greeted his visitor after a fashion which would seem to imply a sense of inferiority, he now addressed him in words at once brief and authoritative.

"There's a chair there," he said. "We'd best get to work at once."

"You don't much fancy this business?" said Mr. Cherry, gazing down at him for a moment before seating himself.

"I fancy this as much as any other part of it," returned the other gruffly. "I don't fancy the business o' dyin', if that be what you mean, sir; but it's got to be carried through proper. I'll do it in style—proper style. I've a-had doctor, and he didn't do me no good, and so I did tell 'en; and I've a-had parson, and he done me a power o' good—I did say so, leastways. He were quite pleased, and he be a-comin' again to-morrow to gi' me a leg-up at the last."

The lawyer laughed in a somewhat scandalized fashion; and old Simon Hounsell paused to smile grimly to himself before continuing:

"And now you be come, Lawyer Cherry; let's see what you can do."

Mr. Cherry laughed again, somewhat constrainedly. He felt oddly disconcerted by the other's composure.

"I suppose," he said, "I had better take some notes; then I can draw out the will at my office, and bring it to you to-morrow morning for signature."

"I mid very well pop off in the night, though," rejoined Farmer Hounsell reflectively. "E-es, I mid pop off," he repeated, "an' then things 'ud be all at sixes and sevens. No, that won't do. Let's get settled up straight off. Ye'll find paper, and pen, and all what ye'll want in that desk. I do 'low the job'll not take you so very long. I want," he continued, raising his voice

and speaking as emphatically as his weak state would admit of, "I want all what I've a-got in this world to go in a lump. Put that down."

The lawyer, after a moment's hesitation, and with eyebrows lifted interrogatively, began to write rapidly.

"To go in a lump," repeated old Simon, with unction, "to my old 'ooman—to Mrs. Hounsell," he added, correcting himself as Mr. Cherry looked up in surprise. "E-es; she be to have it for her life. I'll not have her dependent on nobody so long as she do live."

"Very proper," commented Mr. Cherry. "It—the sentiment—the—ah—the proper feeling is—ah—"

He broke off, abashed by Mr. Hounsell's stony gaze.

"It bain't no question o' feelin' or that," resumed the testator. "The old 'ooman must have her rights. She brought me a good bit o' money, and I did invest it in this here property. I cleared off a mortgage what dated from my granfer's time w' some on't, and I laid out the rest in drainin', and plantin', and such like. 'You'll have the advantage on it so well as me,' I telled her at the time. Well, 'tis but fair she *should* have the advantage on it arter I be gone so well as when I were there. Well, put that down, Mr. Cherry. All to go in a lump to my wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Hounsell, for her life, and after her death to my eldest son, Godfrey Hounsell."

Mr. Cherry's pen scratched busily for some time, during which the old farmer lay back on his pillows, closing his eyes as though exhausted by his recent speech. After a pause, however, he opened them again with a start. Mr. Cherry had been speaking.

"What did you say, sir?"

"I asked you," said the lawyer, clearing his throat and raising his voice, "what about Mr. Peter—your son, Peter?"

"Well, what about him?" rejoined the other gruffly.

"Are you not going to make any provision for him?"

The old man rolled his head uneasily on the pillow, annoyed at being constrained to make a fresh effort.

"Peter 'ull be—all right," he said, with a gasp. "His mother and brother 'ull see as he has all what he needs."

"Excuse me, but has the young man displeased you in any way? It seems to me that you are treating him rather hardly. Surely you ought to make some small settlement—"

"I'll do nothin' o' the kind," interrupted the farmer, still feebly irate. "It be all to go in a lump—I did tell 'ee that plain. 'Twas never the custom in our family to go choppin' up the property. His mother 'ull see to the boy same as I did do when I were alive"—the farmer now spoke of himself as already defunct—"and when she be gone Godfrey 'ull give him what's fit. I don't want to make no changes—I want 'em to go on a-livin' here, and a-workin' together the same as they did always do."

"But when Mr. Godfrey marries?" suggested Mr. Cherry. "His wife may not approve of that state of affairs—"

"Then Godfrey can be trusted to do the right thing," exclaimed Mr. Hounsell irritably. "Write it down, sir—write it same as I do tell 'ee; and then you can call the boys and their mother, and I'll tell 'em straight out what I've a-done."

In answer to the lawyer's summons Mrs. Hounsell presently entered the room, followed by her two sons. She was a little woman, a score of years younger than her husband, who had married for the second time late in life. Her strongly marked features and restless energy of expression denoted a character to the full as strenuous as that of her husband.

The two young men, who entered in

her wake with such solemn, scared looks, appeared at first sight so much alike that they might have been taken for twins, though Godfrey was twenty-two and Peter just twenty. A second glance, however, would have revealed to the most casual observer a marked difference between the brothers. Both, it is true, were unusually tall and strongly built, their figures well knit, however, and happily devoid of clumsiness. Both had brown hair and clear-cut features, both were so much sun-burnt that it would have been impossible to guess that their complexions were naturally fair; but while Godfrey's eyes were of the ordinary, somewhat meaningless Saxon blue, Peter's were hazel, eager, glowing, full of light. They conveyed, moreover, a curious sense of power, which was carried out by the broad brow and firmly moulded mouth. Godfrey could see certain things as clearly as most men; he could tell a bird by its flight while it was yet a mere speck in the sky; he knew by the look of the clouds at dawn what manner of day it would prove to be; he was aware in an instant by the expression of a man's face if he had to deal with an honest fellow or a liar. But Peter saw visions and dreamt dreams. At his birth some malign fairy had endowed him with a gift that in after life was like to prove fatal to him—a vivid imagination.

"Sit down, missus," said Farmer Hounsell, as the three drew near to his bed. "Come round here, Godfrey, to my right hand—no, Peter, you may bide where you be, on my left. I've a-settled everything wi' Mr. Cherry, and now I be a-goin' to tell 'ee all what I've a-done, and then I be a-goin' to sign that there will, and there'll be an end on 't. Mary Anne!"

"Yes, Simon," answered his wife dutifully.

"I've a-left ye everything for your life, same as I did always agree for

to do. You and the boys can carry on the work as I always done, wi'out makin' no changes. Your mother's to be head of this house while she be alive—mind that, Godfrey."

"Of course, father," agreed Godfrey, with a troubled look; it hurt him that the old man should consider the admonition needful.

"When her turn comes," pursued Simon, "then you'll be master of everything—I've a-left it all in a lump to you. You'll be head of the family then, and ye must do what's fitting for your brother Peter."

"Father," broke out Peter from the other side of the bed, "father, you're making Godfrey my master!"

"Well," returned the yeoman firmly, "'tis right as he should be. He'll be the head o' the family."

There was a moment's pause, and then Peter's voice broke silence again, faltering, yet eager:

"God knows it isn't the money I care about—I never gave a thought to what you'd leave me or what you wouldn't leave me; 'tis bad enough to lose you, father."

He stopped for a moment, but went on more steadily: "But the thing doesn't seem fair. Why shouldn't I be independent as well as Godfrey? Why shouldn't I be free to go my own way and live my own life—"

A half inarticulate growl from the sick man interrupted his discourse. "You'll bide here—that's what you'll do. You've no need to go a-tralpsin' about the world. Bide here along wi' your brother. Your brother 'ull do what's right for 'ee same as I'd ha' done for my brother if I'd ha' had one. Money and farm have always gone in a lump to the head of the house—always in a lump. I bain't a-goin' to make no changes. Your brother 'ull see as you've all what you do want. You can trust your brother, surely?"

Godfrey shot a protesting glance

across the bed, but Peter would not meet it.

"I only ask to be independent," he said. "I don't care if you only give me fifty pounds a year; but I think there ought to be something settled. I think I've the right——"

"No more talk—no more talk!" interrupted Farmer Hounsell fretfully. "Get up your witnesses, Mr. Cherry, and I'll sign that there document; I sha'n't be able to see so very much longer. There, boys, content yourselves, both on you. I've a-done the right thing, and I make no doubt that you'll do the right thing by your mother and by each other. You can bide here, missus, if you've a mind to, but the lads had best be off."

He waved his hand in token of dismissal, and the young men left the room in silence. Peter went first down the wide, shallow, oak stairs, which were one of the glories of Hounsell's House. His hand swept idly along the carved rail, his head drooped; he heard his brother's tread ring out behind him, but he would not glance round. When they reached the bottom landing, however, he felt Godfrey's hand drop on his shoulder, and turned to meet his reproachful gaze.

Godfrey spoke first:

"I give you my word, I had no hand in this."

"I know it well," replied Peter.

Godfrey tightened his grip of the broad shoulder. "We've never had a word till now," said he. "You and I, Peter—we—we've always been the best of friends."

"So we have," said Peter, "and so we shall be; but you're my master now."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Godfrey angrily.

His hand dropped from Peter's shoulder, and he half turned away, then impulsively wheeled again. "Hang it, old chap," he cried, "can't you trust me? What's to prevent my making a settle-

ment when I come into the place? I hope it'll be long enough before the mother goes, but when she does you shall have your rights."

"They won't be my rights then," said Peter; "it'll be a favor!"

There was a long pause; each gazed at the other in silence, conscious of a growing sense of wonder and fear, as much at the revelation of strong passion in himself as in the other. As the moments passed a dark flush mounted in Godfrey's face; he was angry with Peter, angry with his implied doubt, with the perversity of his outlook; angry, moreover, at this unlooked-for revolt against an authority which he was just beginning to feel was his right. Peter, gazing into the future with those over-far-seeing eyes of his, beheld himself his brother's debtor, his brother's slave.

The two had hitherto dwelt, as Godfrey said, in perfect good-fellowship; they loved each other dearly, they had many habits in common. Never before had this question of mastery risen between them. If either had thought of the future, it was but vaguely. They had always had plenty of everything—as many horses as they wished to ride, as much money as they cared to spend. Together they had superintended the farm laborers, ridden out to hounds, driven to market, fished in the river. Godfrey had never known a pleasure which Peter had not shared, and if Peter studied during his leisure moments, Godfrey tolerated and even admired a taste which was, nevertheless, mysterious to him.

But now, all in a moment, strife had come between them, and they gazed at each other with fierce, suspicious eyes.

Presently Mrs. Hounsell leaned over the balusters and called to them:

"What are you doing there, boys? Why don't you go to your dinner?"

Peter stepped back with a bitter

smile. "You'd best walk first," he said to Godfrey.

The other burst out laughing, and once more clapped Peter on the shoulder.

"'Tis all nonsense—pure nonsense!" he cried. "There's no first and last between us—there never shall be."

Peter's face relaxed; he stretched out

his hand and wrung that of his brother.

"You're the best fellow in the world," he cried; "but you can't alter facts for all that. Your foot is set upon my neck from this out."

And as he strode before his brother into the dining-room he resolved to himself to take the shaping of his destiny into his own hands.

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(To be continued.)

OLD GALWAY LIFE.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS.*

The Tribes of Galway—as the twelve leading families of the county were called—had each their distinctive sobriquet. There were the prating Frenches, the proud Lynches, the merry Joyces, and so on. The bloody Bodkins had their name from a terrible tragedy of the eighteenth century. The eldest son of the house believed, apparently with reason, that his father intended to disinherit him in favor of the children of a second marriage. The surrounding peasantry to a man were on his side, and he entered into a horrible league with them for the destruction of his own kin. The conspirators broke into the house at dead of night and murdered the entire family—father, step-mother, and little children—in cold blood. The baby alone escaped, for his nurse, who was in the secret, and knew what was impending, could not bring herself to let him be sacrificed with the others. She contrived to steal away with him before the slaughter began, and he survived to be the future head of the Bodkin family. He seemed indeed to have possessed a charmed life, for not long after the

committal of this bloody deed his faithful nurse sat with him on her lap in a window of the old family home, when the entire front of the house fell out. Feeling the floor beneath her giving way, the nurse, with much presence of mind, tossed him backwards over her head. He fell upon the canopied bed behind her, where he was preserved from the falling *débris*. In her effort to save her charge the nurse over-balanced herself, and her chair falling on the top of her, she too escaped unharmed.

We were the litigious Martins, and never was name better deserved, in so far at least as my grandfather was concerned. He was never so happy as when he was at law with some one or other, and on one occasion spent seventy pounds in law costs to make good a claim for five. Winning his case, however, fully compensated him for the outlay incurred. Next to being engaged in a lawsuit of his own, he loved best to give evidence in somebody else's. On one such occasion the point at issue concerned the ownership or tenure of a certain field, and my grandfather was asked to state on oath what he considered its value to be.

"I'll tell you its value!" he said scorn-

* "Old Galway Life: Random Recollections," The Living Age, March 5, 1904.

"Old Galway Life: Further Recollections," The Living Age, Feb. 18, 1905.

fully. "If you put a lamb on it, it would die, and if you put a hare on it, it would run away!"

In his home life, however, so far from displaying the contentious qualities of his race, he was the most placable and easygoing of men. Indeed without a temper akin to the angelic he could hardly have maintained even a passable equanimity, considering the household of which he was the head—the children, grand-children, nephews, nieces, and cousins to whom his hospitable roof gave shelter, and the retinue of hangers-on and dependants who inhabited the lower regions.

I well remember one very wet summer, when the turf was only saved with much difficulty and in insufficient quantities. In the autumn the boats upon our lake were, as usual, carried up and safely bestowed for the winter in an outhouse within the yard. When the house was opened in the following spring however, it was empty: the temptation of so much good fuel close at hand had been too much for our servants, and the boats had been converted into firing. My grandfather, instead of giving vent to the indignation that might have been expected from him, only observed—

"Begad, they'd burn myself, only that I've legs to run away."

With one of our establishment he did indeed live at perpetual feud. This was Mrs. Finnegan, who dwelt at our gate, and filled the double rôle of gate-keeper and laundress. The cause of quarrel was the obstinacy with which Mrs. Finnegan, to save herself the trouble of conveying the family washing to some more secluded spot, persisted in hanging it out to dry opposite her own door, so that the first sight which greeted visitors turning in at our gate was our linen flapping and bulging on the winds.

One very muddy day my grandfather, coming in from his rounds about the

farm, found that notwithstanding all prohibitions the clothes-lines had once more been set up on the forbidden ground, and our wearing apparel was broadly exposed to view. Infuriated by this wilful disregard of orders, my grandfather tore the whole collection down, and proceeded to dance upon it with somewhat more vigor than grace. Mrs. Finnegan rushed from the lodge, and though the delinquent was her own master she gave him what in Galway is known as "all sorts," calling him "an ould haythen" "a shtag," and other terms of opprobrium. My grandfather, however, continued to foot it undeterred, till he had reduced his own shirts and table-cloths to a muddy heap, when saying only "I've done it once, and I'll do it again," he marched off in triumph up the avenue.

Of Mrs. Finnegan it must however be recorded that, save in this one matter of hanging out the washing, her devotion to the family was absolute and unbounded. It is matter of faith in Galway to this day that it is eminently unlucky to meet a woman when starting on a journey, or upon an enterprise of any kind. Mrs. Finnegan was so well aware of the evil influence which she might all unwillingly exercise on our affairs, that when she desisted any of the family coming down the avenue with the appearance of being bound for fair or market, or on any other business, she fled incontinently to hide herself in the inmost recesses of the lodge, and nothing would have induced her to venture forth till they had passed by, though on the travellers' return she was always at the gate to greet them with smiles and welcoming gestures.

We were in the habit—as I have mentioned in a previous paper—of spending the winter months in Dublin, and during one of these sojourns of ours in the Irish metropolis my grandfather's ire was aroused by the quality of the milk

supplied to us. Rushing downstairs one day when the milkman rattled at the railings with his can, he roared at him—

"You scoundrel, how dared you put dirty water in my milk?"

"'Twasn't dirty," retorted the milk-vendor, incensed at the unjust aspersion,—"'twas clane wather out of the pump."

My grandfather was so delighted at the success of the trap which he had laid, that he quite forgave the iniquity which had been the cause of it.

Another of my recollections of those early days is accompanying my grandfather to hear a popular preacher, who at that time drew large crowds to one of the Dublin churches. The preacher chose for his text, "He shall be called a Nazarene," and thus, not very tactfully, commenced his discourse,—

"That, my brethren, was a term of reproach, as we should say of a man nowadays, 'He is a Galway man.'"

Speech being under the circumstances denied to my grandfather, he could only glare up in impotent wrath at the pulpit—it was of the usual three-decker form. I fear he did not benefit much by the rest of the sermon, and any mention of the preacher's name in his hearing afterwards always produced an outbreak of indignation from him.

On our annual migrations to Dublin from our western wilds we children greatly preferred travelling by canal-boat to the more rapid, but much more cramped, journey inside a stage-coach. The canal-boat of those days much resembled a child's Noah's ark in appearance, its whole length being occupied by one long cabin, with a table down the middle and seats and windows on either side. There was a double service, and the more rapid means of transit was designated the Flyboat, however little its progress might come up to modern ideas of that motion. It was drawn by four horses, which

trotted in a curious lopsided fashion as the boat, steered in mid-channel, pulled obliquely on them. The ordinary service had but three horses, and they walked. It took four-and-twenty hours to accomplish the distance between Shannon harbor and Dublin. Meals were served on board, and the Grand Canal Company also boasted itself of providing sleeping accommodation. This consisted, however, in nothing more than a supply of pillows, which were served out at nightfall to the passengers, and which they were free to lay on the table before them and to rest their heads upon for the night. That not much sleep was to be had was evidenced by the eagerness with which the early breakfast of ham and eggs, cooked on board, was welcomed—and it must have been served sufficiently early, as Portobello harbor, in the north of Dublin, where the voyage ended, was reached at six in the morning.

There was not much variety in the *menu* on board the canal-boat. A boiled leg of mutton was served for dinner every day the whole year round with the most unfailing regularity. On one occasion a friend of ours, himself a Roman Catholic, was travelling in the canal-boat on a Friday. He had for fellow-voyager a priest, and at dinner-time, when the perennial leg of mutton was brought in for all others, irrespective of creed, a small but most tempting-looking middle-cut of salmon was placed before his reverence, which he forthwith, without apology to the company, transferred to his own plate. Our friend, making a virtue of necessity, accepted the slice of mutton that was allotted to him without protest. Not so a stout grazier, who sat opposite the priest, and looked on gloweringly as the latter, for his own greater convenience, neatly divided the salmon into halves before proceeding to demolish it. He was just commencing

upon it when the grazier, suddenly stretching across the table, thrust his fork into one of these portions. "I be-lave, yer riverince, ye think no one on board except yerself has a sowl to be saved," he exclaimed, as he bore the captured moiety off in triumph.

A cousin of ours, a somewhat fastidious young lady, was coming down from Dublin once to visit us. There had been a fair at some town or village near the canal-bank, and at this point the canal-boat was invaded by a number of farmers and cattle-drovers, who congregated on the small after-deck, drinking porter and whisky, smoking, and indulging in bad language, which was only too audible to the cabin passengers. Much incensed, my cousin sent for the captain of the canal-boat and told him it was monstrous that ladies' ears should be polluted by the language they were compelled to listen to.

"Thin if yer ears is that tindher, ma'am, I'd advise ye to put wool in them, thin ye'll hear nothing that'll be displaisin' to ye," was all the satisfaction she got, as the captain went out of the cabin and banged the door behind him.

There was a twofold service of stage-coaches as well as of canal-boats, between Dublin and the West in those days, and here, too, the fast coach, which ran at night and carried the mails, was called the Fly. The slower and cheaper day coach carried passengers only, but a sufficient number of them, accommodating thirteen outside and six within, so that these latter were squeezed pretty well like sardines in a tin. I remember that when I was a little girl of six or seven summers my grandmother, a most stately old lady, took me with her to visit a family of friends who lived somewhere in the Irish midlands. We travelled by the day coach, and had for escort a young cousin, one of the numerous col-

laterals who gathered under our hospitable roof. The problem of the matinee hat at the present day is as nothing compared to the difficulties which ladies' bonnets in a well-filled stage-coach gave rise to. My grandmother, not desiring that her best bonnet of purple velvet—I remember it well—should be crushed and flattened out of recognition, prudently removed it on entering the vehicle, and suspended it in some mysterious fashion from the roof, so that it hung down in our midst like a chandelier. Having replaced the bonnet by a frilled mob-cap, such as old ladies then wore, she ensconced herself in the most comfortable corner of the coach and speedily fell fast asleep. I was wedged in opposite her, between my cousin and a stranger of such ample proportions that I had barely room to breathe. Whenever we stopped to change horses my portly neighbor got out and refreshed himself at the bar of the inn. The result of these repeated potations soon made itself apparent, and upon our resuming our journey after our third or fourth stage he was pleased to commence tickling me. At first I giggled, then I squealed, and at last, becoming frightened by his persistence, I screamed, whereupon my cousin and protector, without more ado, hit my tormentor square in the face. The latter was not slow to retaliate, and my august relative awoke to find a pugilistic contest being waged inside the coach, across my terrified person. The guard had to be called down from the back of the coach to separate the combatants and restore peace.

At our next halt a man appeared at the window of the coach and handed in a baby, with a label bearing the address to which it was consigned tied about its neck. "Give me the little dear—I'll make a cushion for it," said, as we thought, our inebriated coach-fellow. We had mistaken the proposi-

tion, however, for, placing the hapless infant on the seat, he was just about to plump himself down upon it when it was dragged out from under him by some of the other passengers.

Somewhere in the earlier years of the last century Charles Bianconi, an Italian who had settled in the south of Ireland, set agoing a system of large, two-horsed, public outside cars, which ran throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and made Bianconi—pronounced English fashion with a strong accent on the second syllable—a household word to its remotest corners. In his heyday, before the advent of railways, Bianconi owned some 1200 horses, and his cars covered daily a distance of nearly 3000 miles. One of these Bianconi cars passed our gate every day on its way between Galway and the farthest wilds of Connemara, with which it was at that time the only link of civilization. We made such frequent use of it that we had our own diminutive for it, and when any member of the family announced his or her intention of proceeding into Galway, and was asked how they intended to travel thither, the answer was generally given laconically—"Bi-an."

One winter we had two English guests, who came over to us for the woodcock shooting—a Mr. Hare and a Colonel Greaves. They were a pair of elderly dandies, London men both of them, and very precise and methodical in all their ways,—so much so that in July, when my father's invitation was given to them, they had already fixed the exact dates for their arrival and departure the following January. When this latter time approached, my grandfather, who generally sent his guests into Galway in his own conveyance to meet the mail-coach, intimated to the two Englishmen that, for some reason, it was not possible for him to do so on this occasion, and that the first stage

of their return journey would have to be accomplished "Bi-an." They were highly scandalized at the suggestion, and declined absolutely to travel by any such conveyance as a public outside car. Rather than demean themselves so far, they ordered out a carriage from Galway for themselves. In answer to the summons there came out an ancient and rickety yellow chariot—I can see it still,—hung so far from the ground that when the old gentlemen had mounted into it they waved their farewells to us from aloft. Their portmanteaux were placed on the front seat, the English body-servant—as a valet was called in those days—got into the rumble, and away they went. Galway fashion, the equipage had come out none too early, and the postboy was threatened with dire penalties if he did not go his fastest and bring them into Galway in time for the flying night coach. They had, however, not gone more than a couple of miles when the bottom fell out of the chariot, the two old bucks were precipitated to the ground, and had nothing for it but to run for their lives, holding on to the seat on which their portmanteaux rested, and which was just on a level with their chins. In vain they shouted to the post-boy to stop: he thought they were urging him on to greater speed, and only drove the faster. The servant in the rumble, from whom their plight was concealed by the high back of the chariot, thought the same, and the two old fellows had to scamper along panting and breathless. How long they could have held out I do not know, but happily some countrymen, at work in a field beside the road, perceived the two pairs of legs running amongst the wheels of the carriage, and by their shouts brought the post-boy to a stand. The poor old dandies, when released from their perilous predicament, were utterly exhausted, and, indeed, on the verge of

apoplexy. All hope of reaching Galway in time for the night mail had of course to be abandoned, and they returned to us on foot, much humbled and crestfallen.

"Egad, serve them right!" said my grandfather. "They'll not think themselves too grand to travel 'Bl-an' again."

Nor did they, for on the following day they took their seats very submissively on the plebeian conveyance.

In my recollection ladies never rode otherwise than as they do at the present day: my aunts, however, could recall the time when it was still customary for ladies to ride pillion. One of them, being delicate, had in her girlhood been ordered horse exercise, and was in the habit of riding out every day with a groom before her. One morning this functionary was manifestly in a great hurry to be off, and hardly waited at the mounting-block for my aunt to settle herself on the pad behind him before starting at a rapid pace down the avenue. "Where are we going?" she gasped, as she was bumped and jolted along at a very brisk trot.

"Ach, jist be aisy, Miss Margaret, an' I'll take ye for the most iligant ride ye iver had in yer life."

Nothing further was to be extracted from Connor, who continued to ride on at full speed till he had gained a coign of vantage on a high bank, from which, partially screened by some bushes, they could look down on a field below in which two small groups of men were standing some distance apart.

"With the blessing of goodness we're in time!" exclaimed Connor joyfully, as one member of each party stepped forward, and the two began to pace out the ground together. My aunt became aware then that a duel was about to be fought. Connor, however, was deaf to all remonstrances and entreaties to remove elsewhere, and my

aunt had perforce to remain a spectator of the whole affair. Happily neither of the combatants was killed, one only being wounded, and that not seriously. Not till honor was declared to have been satisfied could Connor be induced to turn the horse's head homewards, remarking as he did so—

"Well, Miss Margaret, niver say I didn't bring ye where ye could see the very best of it all."

I sometimes doubted if my aunt had been quite as unwilling an onlooker of the combat as in after years she would have had us believe. She was a very charming, high-spirited Irish girl, as those who could remember her in her youth often told me. In those days, and for long afterwards, the county folk gathered in Galway for the spring and summer assizes; there was much hospitality and joviality while the civil and criminal business of the county was being disposed of, and the week concluded with the assize ball, of which it may be remarked that the line of social demarcation was so clearly defined in those days, that though entry was open to all who paid their guinea, no one not undoubtedly belonging to the county set ever ventured to present himself within the sacred precincts of Macklin's Hotel, where these festivities were held. The music on these occasions was provided by the band of the regiment quartered in Galway, and it was the custom for the colonel of the regiment to lead the lady whom he wished to honor to the head of the room for the first country-dance—for country-dances were still danced then—and to request her to name the tune. At one such ball the colonel, disregarding the claims of sundry ladies of high degree to this distinction, led out my aunt, who was then a very young girl, and, bowing low, begging her to choose her tune. My aunt immediately called for "The White Cockade." The memories of '45

were not wholly extinct at that day, and the county families of Galway, though taking no active part in the rebellion, had been Jacobites to a man. The colonel had no choice but to order the band to strike up, and to foot it up the room and down again to the strains of the rebel air with the best grace that he could muster.

My aunt eventually married an English officer, a very excellent man, who acquired some distinction in his profession, but who was a bit of a martinet, and I fear she vexed his orderly soul very often by the easy-going, happy-go-lucky ways she had acquired in our old Galway home. On one occasion her husband was to bring a general officer, who had come down to inspect the regiment, home to breakfast after the parade.

"Pray, my dear," he said to his wife beforehand, "see that everything is in readiness before we arrive, so that there may be no jumping up from table and running out of the room for something which has been forgotten."

My aunt promised careful compliance with his wishes, and strove to carry them out. Alas! however, a few moments before her husband and his guest were expected, she discovered that she had omitted to provide any white sugar, which was then much too expensive a luxury to figure every day upon a regimental officer's breakfast-table. Her husband's orderly was summoned in hot haste and bidden speed to the nearest shop. In the meantime my aunt received the general with her best manner, and dallied over the business of pouring out the tea, prolonging the time by her bright Irish talk, while she watched impatiently for the arrival of the sugar-bowl. What, however, was her horror, when the door opened and the long-legged orderly straggled in. With one hand he clapped upon the table a blue paper

bag, of the sort beloved by grocers, and with the other a heap of coppers.

"There's yer sugar, mum, and there's yer change," he said, as he saluted and withdrew.

We, and most other families of our acquaintance, were in the habit every summer of coming into the town of Galway, or rather to the straggling suburb which fronts upon Galway Bay, for some weeks' bathing and sea air. Our life there was of a primitive simplicity, widely different from that which prevails at a fashionable watering-place of the present day, but perhaps to the full as enjoyable. Some of our friends had seaside houses which they occupied during those summer weeks, but for the most part we contented ourselves with such lodgings as the Sea Road afforded, and our difficulties and the shifts to which we were put only afforded merriment to ourselves and our neighbors, with whom we lived in a sort of perpetual picnic.

Every one bathed in the mornings, or was supposed to do so, and sundry elderly gentlemen used to establish themselves on the low wall between the road and the beach and exchange salutations from thence with their acquaintance in the water.

"Good day, Mrs. Darcy, glad to see you," it used to be, then "I hope you find yourself well this morning, ma'am." This to a portly matron who was disporting herself in the waves.

It was said that all the scandals of the County Galway were hatched at this *al fresco* club, for which reason the favorite and most frequented colga on the sea-wall was known as Calumny Corner.

Sibby was the name of the high-priestess who presided over the bathing rites. She waded out into the sea to give screaming infants the three dips, head downwards, which were the approved method of introducing children to the delights of bathing. Those of

more mature growth who were timorous of venturing themselves into the briny deep she encouraged by bidding them seat themselves on the margin and pouring a bucket of sea-water on their heads, as a foretaste of the joys awaiting them. A shower-bath could be had in a shanty hard by, and only the initiated knew that the motive-power needful to raise the water to overhead level was supplied by Sibby's son, who mounted a ladder outside and emptied a pail of water down at the critical moment. Once, indeed, a lady, having pulled the string and waiting in vain for the expected douche, heard instead a deep voice overhead—

"A thrife more to the wesht, I'll trouble you, me lady."

She rushed forth, horrified and indignant, to confront Sibby.

"Ach, whisht!" said the latter with supreme unconcern, "it's only me son Patsy, an' who'd be mindin' him."

Five o'clock was the recognized hour for dinner in those days, and once, when we had lingered unduly over that meal, I remember the heated and indignant slavey of the lodgings bursting into the room. "Are yez not done with the plates yit?" she demanded. "Mrs. Lynch downstairs is waitin' for her turn of them, nor Father Connor can't git his supper till he has the knives."

After dinner every one turned out to walk up and down the Sea Road, and we finished up the day either by bringing our friends home to drink tea with us, or by drinking tea with them. If the number of guests at any house exceeded the supply of teacups, some of the invited ran to their own lodgings and brought back a reinforcement from thence.

The most exciting times that were witnessed in the old "Citle of the Tribes" were when an election was in progress. The court-house in Galway was the only polling-place, not only for

the borough of Galway but also for the county, and the voters had to be transported thither from the most distant and inaccessible parts of that extensive region. A county election, therefore, commonly lasted six weeks, and during all that time the town was in a turmoil. Skirmishes and encounters took place at every street corner, and troops of dragoons galloped up and down dispersing riotous mobs. Special distinction was won on these occasions by the men of the Claddagh—the quarter of Galway which has been inhabited for centuries by the descendants of the Spanish colonists who settled there in Elizabethan days, when much trade was carried on between Galway and Spain. Though fallen from their old estate of merchant-adventurers to be no more than a race of fishermen, the men of the Claddagh retained no little of Spanish arrogance and pride of bearing, together with their unmistakable Southern mien. They held scornfully aloof from their Irish neighbors, suffering no stranger to dwell within their gates, governed there according to their own customs by a sovereign of their own election, and marrying only with those of their own clan. In the days of which I speak they wore their distinctive dress, too, and turned out in full force on election days, the men wearing coats and waist-coats of bright blue frieze, adorned with large white buttons, knee-breeches of the same, tied at the knees with blue ribbons, and stockings of blue worsted. What was of more consequence than their dress, they came out armed with slings, with which they hurled stones with an accuracy of aim that made it perilous for any voter on the side opposed to theirs to venture across the street. Round the court-house itself the wildest scenes took place, one side endeavoring to convoy its supporters inside the building, the other dragging them out again by

force,—sticks were whirled, yells and imprecations resounded on all sides, and every now and again a sudden charge of cavalry scattered the combatants like chaff before the wind.

The rival candidates were always two gentlemen of the county belonging to the different camps of Whig and Tory, as those distinctions were then understood, and their friends and neighbors took sides according to their opinions and proclivities. The political opinions of a Galway landlord were of some importance in those days, when he brought all his tenants and retainers with him to the poll to swell the votes on his side. I well remember seeing my grandfather ride forth from our house at the head of a troop of voters eighty strong, mounted on cart-horses, on mares with foals running beside them, and on mountain colts with unkempt manes and fetlocks.

It was said that sometimes when landlords suspected their tenants of not following them with a whole heart they rode at the heels, instead of at the head, of their forces, to flick the steeds of unwilling voters along the road. Such cases were, however, I think, of not very frequent occurrence, as in general the tenants made the landlord's cause their own. Whig and Tory were words of unknown import to them; but they flourished their black-thorns and broke each other's heads with as much zest and goodwill as if they had been engaged in a faction fight of their own.

In return for the support which the tenants gave their landlords at election times, the latter were expected to stand by them if by ill chance they should find themselves in any trouble which involved a compulsory appearance before the bench of magistrates at petty sessions, or even before judge and jury at the assizes. Of one friend and neighbor of ours it was confidently asserted by his dependants, "If a man

was on the gallows itself, the masther would get him down."

Our kinsmen the Martins of Ballynahinch, father and son, Whigs both of them, sat for the County Galway for upwards of fifty years, from before the Union till the time of the great famine. Their seat was fiercely assailed at each election, but they always emerged triumphant from the contest. The elder Martin was that Colonel Richard Martin, better known by his sobriquet of "Humanity Dick," of whom many stories are still current in Galway. He was noted for two seemingly irreconcilable qualities, his great goodness of heart—specially displayed in his love for animals—and his readiness to fight duels.

The story of the most celebrated of his encounters, that with Robert George Fitzgerald of Thurlow, commonly called "Fighting Fitzgerald," member for the adjoining county of Mayo, is perhaps not so well known to the present generation as it was to previous ones, and it throws a somewhat singular light on the Irish life of that day.

Fighting Fitzgerald was a desperado who nowadays would be considered better qualified for the cell of a criminal lunatic than for a seat in Parliament—even in that of College Green. He had long been on bad terms with his own father, and having heard that the old man was about to travel to Dublin, he waylaid and captured him on the road. Having thus got possession of his person, he kept him confined in a cave, one of the subterranean dwellings to be found under ancient raths and forts in most parts of Ireland, where the unhappy captive was sometimes chained to a dray and sometimes to a tame bear which Robert George had brought up, and which he made his constant companion, to the terror of the neighborhood.

What, however, incensed gallant Dick Martin far more than this unfilial

conduct was Fitzgerald's having, in pure wantonness, shot a fine wolf-hound belonging to Lord Altamont. Lord Altamont was too poor-spirited to avenge the insult himself, so Colonel Martin resolved to do so in his stead. To have come forward openly as the dog's champion would, however, have cast a slur on Lord Altamont's courage; and this Dick Martin was unwilling to do. Another cause of quarrel had therefore to be sought, nor was it difficult to find.

The Government of the day resolved at last, very tardily, to bring Fighting Fitzgerald to justice for his treatment of his father, still in durance vile in the *souterrain*. Colonel Martin had been called to the Irish Bar, as young Irishmen of position and estate very commonly were at that time. He had never practised, but he availed himself of the qualification to offer his services gratuitously to the Crown.

Fitzgerald's counsel pleaded on his behalf that his father was one of the worst men living, and that any son would be justified in keeping such a father in captivity.

Up jumped Dick Martin from his seat amongst the prosecuting counsel.

"The prisoner's father had," he said, "undoubtedly done many evil deeds in his time; but the greatest iniquity he had ever perpetrated was in bringing the prisoner into the world."

On this his brother member, smiling grimly from the dock, responded—

"Martin, to judge by your appearance you take very good care of your health, but let me tell you, you have this day taken very bad care of your life."

Fitzgerald was found guilty, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £500. The Government, however, to their own disgrace, granted the member for Mayo a pardon, and let him loose again after six months' incarceration. He came up

to Dublin, breathing out vengeance against his amateur prosecutor, and at their first encounter—at the theatre in Crow Street, as it chanced—he insulted him publicly. Dick Martin would have retaliated on the instant, but he entangled himself in the curtains of his box as he rushed out of it, and came to the ground, thus enabling Fitzgerald to get away. "Humanity Dick" thereupon sent the member for Mayo a message in proper form, requesting a meeting at the earliest possible moment, but the unlucky second who presented himself with this cartel was set upon by the redoubtable Robert George, and so severely belabored with a cudgel that he fled from the house with a broken head and sundry other injuries. Not very long afterwards, however, Dick Martin and Fitzgerald met accidentally in Castlebar. Colonel Martin, remembering the insult he had received in Dublin, rushed at his enemy to strike him, but Fitzgerald waved him off.

"No, damn it, Martin," he said, "there is no need for that with an officer and a gentleman. I am at your service this moment with sword or pistol."

Colonel Martin had only just arrived from Dublin, and the servant to whom his duelling pistols had been entrusted had unfortunately got drunk upon the road and stayed behind. Quite undeterred, however, Dick Martin borrowed a pair of very clumsy horse-pistols, and insisted on an immediate encounter. The officer commanding the garrison of Castlebar obligingly placed the barrack-yard at their disposal, and thither the adversaries betook themselves, escorted by a cheering crowd, Fitzgerald swaggering along and shouting, "The Mayo cock against the Galway cock for a hundred pounds!"

Two shots were exchanged. At the first discharge Fitzgerald missed his aim, while "Humanity Dick" hit his opponent full in the chest. Unluckily,

perhaps, for him,—for Fighting Fitzgerald lived to expiate his evil deeds by a terrible death on the gallows,—the bullet struck a button on his coat and glanced off. As Colonel Martin raised his pistol the second time, Fitzgerald called out, "Honor, Martin, honor!" Dick Martin immediately fired in the air, whereupon Fitzgerald, taking deliberate aim, shot him in the body, exclaiming as he did so, "Hit for a thousand!"

Colonel Martin reeled and fell back, crying out "I'm done for!" and was carried into a neighboring house. The surgeon who had been summoned had just finished dressing his injuries when Fitzgerald himself appeared in the room, saying with the utmost coolness, "Well, doctor, how does your patient get on?" Opening the curtains of the bed, closely drawn, according to the hygiene of the day, he said, "Martin, my dear fellow, how do you feel? It's a mere scratch, I understand, not worth a fig. Keep yourself perfectly quiet,—I always do."

The wound, though serious, proved happily not to be mortal, and Colonel Martin recovered completely from it.

Dick Martin was as quick at repartee as he was with the sword and pistol. In those days there were no side-paths in the narrow streets of Galway, and it was a customary courtesy amongst pedestrians to allow any one of superior social standing to pass on the side next the wall, where there was less likelihood of being splashed by conveyances in the roadway. A man who had an old grudge against Colonel Martin, meeting him in the street one day, pushed rudely past, saying aloud as he did so, "I never give the wall to a blackguard."

Colonel Martin immediately stepped to one side, took off his hat, and made a low bow. "I always do," he said.

Being asked if it were true that King George's writ did not run in his own

domain of Connemara, he replied. "I faith, it runs as fast as any greyhound, if half a score of his good fellows are after it."

When George IV. visited Ireland an election in Galway was pending. The King inquired of "Humanity Dick," who came up to attend his levee, which candidate would probably be returned. With a bow Colonel Martin replied, "The survivor, sir."

At an election before the Union, Dick Martin was opposed by Giles Eyre of Eyrecourt, a territorial magnate and thorough sportsman, renowned alike for his reckless extravagance and dare-devil bravery. He was, however, totally illiterate, a circumstance less regarded then than at the present time. The hustings in those days used to be erected in Eyre Square, in Galway, sufficiently close to each other to enable the rival candidates for popular favor to exchange banter and other sallies of wit. Advancing to the front of his booth with a folded paper in his hand, Dick Martin exclaimed—

"I declare solemnly, before all here assembled, that I am willing this moment to retire from this contest and to allow Colonel Eyre to be returned unopposed if he will only sign this declaration which I hold in my hand."

This, however, it was not possible for Giles Eyre to do,—not from any dissent to the views set forth in the document in question, but because, as Dick Martin was well aware, he was totally unable to write his own name.

Lord Clanricarde was at this time Colonel of the Galway Militia, and Giles Eyre filled the post of Lieutenant-Colonel. He had, however, not much more acquaintance with drill than he had with reading and writing. A general officer having on one occasion come down from Dublin on a tour of inspection, Giles Eyre had to put the regiment through its facings before him. In five minutes he had reduced

the battalion to absolute chaos, no man knowing which was his front nor in which direction he was expected to advance.

"Devil take you, sir!" roared the inspecting officer, black with fury, "who made you a lieutenant-colonel?"

"No one made me a lieutenant-colonel," Giles Eyre returned haughtily. "I should not allow myself to be made a lieutenant-colonel by any one. I was born so."

Nor was this an idle boast, for children were frequently appointed to high military posts while still in their cradles. I can myself remember one Lachlan M'Lachlan, a Scotsman, who always impressed us much by pronouncing his name in the true Highland fashion. He owned a large property in the County Galway, and had as a child been granted an ensign's commission. Though he never joined the army, he drew pay all his life till he died as an old man.

Tom Seymour became Major of the Galway Militia in the year of Waterloo, and remained so till the outbreak of the war in the Crimea. Notwithstanding his long continuance in that post, his ideas of drill, like those of Giles Eyre, were but hazy. When the new order of drill was promulgated at the time of the Crimean War, he appealed helplessly to one of his junior officers—

"I say, Oliver, how on earth is one to learn all this new-fangled stuff?"

"Oh, it's the easiest thing in the world, sir. This new drill is really much simpler than the old, once one masters it. But you must begin by putting the old drill completely out of your head."

"Faith, my boy, that's not difficult to do, for I never knew any."

Tom Seymour was succeeded by Sir Thomas Burke, who raised a battalion a thousand strong of Galway men for service in the Crimea. He arrayed

them all in "bawneens," the jackets of white homespun flannel that the peasantry wear, with blackthorns in their hands, and took them over to England, where their appearance created much astonishment, and he was made honorary colonel of the regiment as a reward for his services.

To revert to the Martins and matters parliamentary. After the Union Colonel Martin, in spite of much ridicule and opposition even from Canning himself, succeeded in carrying the first Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be found on the Statute Book of Great Britain, an achievement which won him his nickname of "Humanity Dick." He was an ardent advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and an equally keen opponent of capital punishment, especially in cases of forgery, to which it was then applied with merciless rigor. He supported various other ameliorations of the penal code, which since his day have long formed part of the law of the land.

In 1826, when Colonel Richard Martin's son Thomas was returned for the county, my father was High Sheriff, being then just twenty-one, and the youngest sheriff of whom there is record. At this and subsequent elections the candidate opposed to Thomas Martin was generally a member of the Daly family; and as the Daly property was adjacent to the town of Galway, this gave that side a certain advantage, for their partisans mostly came from neighboring parts of the county, whilst the Martin voters had to be conveyed from the farthest wilds of Connemara. The Galway mob, too, generally favored the Dalys. At this election of 1826 Thomas Martin had brought his tenants in and lodged them in one of the large corn warehouses which in those days lined the wharves of Galway,—now, alas, all fallen to ruin and decay. They were safely locked up, partly to keep them sober, partly to

prevent their being tampered with. During the night the warehouse was set on fire by some of the Daly faction, and the poor wretches only escaped with much difficulty and in their shirts. It was said afterwards that some votes were lost: that lives were lost along with them seemed of less consideration.

At this same election Thomas Martin himself was walking in Eyre Square with a dare-devil adherent of his named Tom Lambert, and another friend. They were espied by a riotous Daly mob, which immediately surged down on them in very menacing fashion. Tom Lambert whipped out a pistol and warned the crowd that if they did not keep back he would fire. Awed by this bold front, the mob seemed inclined to draw off and leave the gentlemen in peace; but a butcher, Jerry Sullivan by name, flourishing his knife aloft, called to them to come on, and led them on to the attack himself, whereupon Tom Lambert shot him dead. The three friends were immediately arrested and lodged in Galway jail to await the assizes. They had a most jovial time during their incarceration, being visited daily by crowds of their friends, whom they entertained at dinner and supper, so that for the time being the jail became quite the centre of social life in Galway. Tom Lambert was tried for his life, but was acquitted on the score of not having been the original assailant and having only acted in self-defence. So well had Thomas Martin's friends worked for him during his enforced seclusion that he was returned at the head of the poll, and on regaining his freedom found himself member for the county.

Our political proclivities were not the same as those of our Connemara kinsfolk. They were Whigs, while our branch of the family had always been consistently Tory, and held the claims of party as stronger than those of kin-

dred. Such ardent politicians indeed were we all, that I can recall the entire family, grown-ups as well as children, standing in a row on our hall-door steps, vehemently shaking our fists in the direction in which we imagined London to lie, as a defiance to Lord Melbourne and his Whig government. Except, however, in the very heat and stress of election time, these differences of opinion had no effect on our friendly footing with our relatives; and indeed when once an election was over, it was wonderful how quickly all the animosities it had aroused were forgotten, and good fellowship once more reigned throughout the county.

It must have been at the last election which Thomas Martin contested before his death in 1847, that very confident hopes were entertained by the Tories of unseating him and his Whig colleague, and of returning two Tories in their places. A relative of ours, who had a house in the town, and whose views were the same as our own, threw herself heart and soul into the fray. Her house was decked from top to bottom with true-blue Tory streamers. Regardless of mobs and riots, she drove herself every day about the streets in her pony carriage, her ponies' heads and her own bonnet decked with Tory favors—and ladies' bonnets in those days afforded ample space for the display of party colors. Moreover, she prepared a sumptuous repast, and somewhat rashly proclaimed that she would therewith regale "the sitting members for Galway" after their victory. The last day of the poll came; but, alas! when the count-up was complete, the Whigs were found to be once more in the ascendant. A very dispirited and dejected knot of county politicians had gathered in our relative's house that night, when there was a resounding knock at the door, and Thomas Martin and his brother Whig member walked in.

"We're the sitting members for Galway," they said, "and we've come to eat your dinner."

And so they did; and a right merry party they were, though the rest of the company consisted of those who had done their utmost to prevent the return of those particular "sitting members."

The elections for the borough of Galway, though they did not last as long as those for the county, were not less hotly contested. At one of the earliest which I can recall, the rival candidates were a young Mr. Monaghan, a Dublin barrister—or counsellor, as they were more commonly styled in those days,—who subsequently rose to be Chief Justice on the Irish Bench. His opponent was Sir Valentine Blake of Menlo Castle. Sir Valentine was at that time in a predicament not altogether unknown to other Irish gentlemen of large landed estate. He was what was known as a "Sunday boy": in other words, owing to financial embarrassments he was unable to appear abroad except upon the Sabbath, and had to spend the other six days of the week straitly shut up within the walls of his dwelling. A Member of Parliament, however, could not be arrested for debt, which, amongst other reasons, made it exceedingly desirable that Sir Valentine should become member for Galway town, as he would thereby be delivered from his present thralldom. The contest was a very close one, and was fought as elections were fought in those days. The body of the court-house, where on ordinary occasions judges, juries, and lawyers carried on their functions, was packed throughout the day with a wildly excited crowd of men, half-naked, wholly drunk, and fighting ferociously for not one of them could have told what. Amidst this indescribable din a local orator, one Mark Lynch, stood up to make an impassioned appeal on Sir Valentine's behalf.

"Citizens of Galway," he shouted, "will you suffer yourselves to be represented by this counsellor from Dublin—a stranger brought here by his hirelings? Will you leave Sir Valentine to pine in his seclusion at Menlo? Or will you bid the counsellor begone whence he came, and make Sir Valentine by your votes a free man this day?"

Mark Lynch's eloquence prevailed, and Sir Valentine was returned at the head of the poll. Sir Valentine himself, whilst the election was proceeding, was out upon Lough Corrib in a boat, where he was safe from arrest, as a writ could only be executed on *terra firma*. His victory was made known to him by the frantic crowds rushing to the water-side to hail the newly elected member, whereupon the boat was speedily pulled ashore, and Sir Valentine was chaired and carried in triumph through the streets of Galway on the shoulders of his supporters.

We prided ourselves not a little on being the main and original stock of the Martin clan, though our landed possessions were small in comparison with those of the younger or Connemara branch of the family. My father being on one occasion summoned as witness in a trial, the opposing counsel commenced his cross-examination with the remark, "I think, Mr. Martin, that you are related to the Martins of Ballynahinch?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said my father haughtily; "the Martins of Ballynahinch are related to me."

The direct ancestor of the Martins of Ballynahinch was a certain individual known as Nimble Dick, a younger son of our house, of whom family tradition avers that he displayed his agility by going into the battle of Aughrim fighting for King James, and coming out of it fighting for King William, with the grant of Connemara in his pocket. Be that as it may, all Connemara, with its mountains and lakes and deep

winding bays, belonged to the Martins from Dutch William's day till the famine, and many were the happy holiday visits we paid to our relatives at Ballynahinch, their home at the foot of the great Twelve Bens. The hospitality was unbounded, and the cheer such as could not be provided nowadays by prince or peer. Little that was not home-grown figured on the board—venison from the red-deer on the mountains, salmon, oysters and lobsters from the fisheries in the land-locked harbors, whilst to accompany this abundant fare there was potheen distilled upon the mountains, and claret and port landed within those same harbors, not a drop of which had paid dues to king or gauger.

When Charles Bianconi established the public car which ran daily from Galway to Clifden, Thomas Martin, the last squire of Connemara, used to send his servant every evening to await the car's arrival, and to compel any stranger of decent appearance upon it to come to his hospitable mansion as a guest. Thomas Martin was wont to declare that the most tedious time of the day was the quarter of an hour's waiting before dinner; he therefore appointed that hour for family prayers. The company were always the guests staying in the house, for there were no other resident gentry within twenty Irish miles round about, and it was to them in their evening dress that Thomas Martin used to read prayers. Two favorite terriers were always present, and their gambols and squabbles whilst family worship was proceeding were sometimes a trial to the gravity of the auditors. If their goings-on became too obstreperous, Thomas Martin, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, would grasp a dog with each of his large hands and thrust them one under each arm, where he held them in chancery, continuing unconcernedly to read the

while, unconscious of the struggle which we, who fronted him in a long row, had to keep our risible muscles in control. His servant, who as a Catholic took no part in the devotions, stood bolt upright at the door whilst they were in progress. To us upon our knees it seemed that at the end "Amen dinner Gallagher" came all in one breath.

Thomas Martin's manner of ruling his household was patriarchal, nor did he hesitate to administer personal chastisement where he deemed it requisite. Latterly, when his eyesight had failed somewhat and his great size rendered him inactive, the offending page-boys and footmen fleeing before his wrath used to dive into a dark recess under the stairs, where a bag stuffed with wool had been cunningly fastened to a central post. Thomas Martin, probing in the dark with his stick, used to encounter this body and to belabor it vigorously, whilst the culprit for whom the correction was intended lurked motionless in the darkest corner of the recess.

One of my sisters being on a visit to Ballynahinch, and having come down late for breakfast, her host inquired if her coffee was hot.

"It is very nice," she answered evasively.

"Is it boiling?" he demanded.

"Well, no, not quite boiling," she was forced to admit.

Thomas Martin rang the bell violently. Two page-boys appeared in answer to the summons, whom he immediately seized by the napes of their necks and knocked their heads together.

"How dare you not have boiling coffee for Miss Martin?" he roared.

It was on the occasion of this same visit that Mary Martin, his only child, who should have inherited his vast territories, and inherited only the ruin and desolation which the famine brought, took my sister to the top of

the mountain that overhangs Ballynahinch, and bade her look round her, telling her that all she could see to the coast-line and the farthest verge of the horizon was her father's and hers.

Great must have been the contrast in after-years when that hospitable mansion lay waste and abandoned, and some disappointed traveller, aggrieved at finding but cold comfort where once good cheer and abundance had

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reigned, thus gave bitter vent to his feelings,—

At last we arrived at famed Ballynahinch,

By the powers, you'd think it was besieged by the Frinch;

The demesne without fence, the chateau without slate,

And divil the morsel save screech owls to ate.

A DRAMA OF DEVON.

It seemed a distinct rise in the social scale for Sarah Gibbon when she married Stephen Yeo and went to live with him in one of the humblest and least pretentious of the cottages in the village. It was only a three-roomed cottage; and though this would be ample, of course, for a newly-married pair in ordinary circumstances, the circumstances here were not quite ordinary, for one of the conditions that Stephen had made, in asking Sarah for his bride, was that Mike Yeo his brother should continue to live with him. Mike Yeo was not outwardly attractive, tall and shambling of gait, with immense flat feet that pointed outwards, feeble knee-joints that pointed inwards, and a face extraordinarily hirsute with an expression scarcely of human intelligence. His mental capacity was just to be named intelligence; it did not sink to idiocy, but was hardly raised above it. His words came with difficulty, scarcely expressing the thoughts that were even more slow in their sequence, and he could be entrusted only with tasks of the very simplest kind. Obviously it was impossible that such a being could be left to shift for himself in the battle of life. The county asylum and the workhouse would not have admitted him, for no doctor could

certify that he was actually deficient; nor perhaps, if they would have received him, would Stephen have permitted him to live on this charity which the poor so shrink from accepting. Demonstrations of affection were not much in Stephen's way even towards Sarah, and still less towards Mike, but ever since their father and mother had died and they had been left little chaps together he had been ready to share his last crust with the brother from whom God had withheld the talents necessary for earning many crusts of his own, and the idea of deserting Mike just because he was bringing a wife into his life did not occur to him now. Mike must be accepted along with the rest that Stephen had to offer her.

Sarah had no thought of making demur, and indeed in Noricott village, on the edge of the moor, where they all lived, it was felt that in becoming the wife of Steve Yeo, even with such drawbacks as Mike for a brother-in-law, she was doing well for herself. She was not one of the Noricott village folk by origin, although she could remember no other place as home; for Noricott, as all the world knows, is in North Devon, on the northern border of the moor, and her father, for reasons

that did not seem to bear looking into too closely, had come out of South Devon, travelling across the moor in a caravan. He had been attracted to Noricott in the first place because he had a married sister already settled there, so that he did not feel wholly strange when he made this fresh start in life. He had come up in the caravan which he had bought from some gipsies in the South of Devon, and had intended to use it only as a convenient way of transporting his small family and his few household gods across the county, with the idea of taking a cottage and re-selling the van as soon as he arrived at his destination. But when he arrived cottage room was not easy to obtain and was expensive, and, besides, he had found life in his van comfortable enough in that genial western climate. A good fire in the stove warmed the van through and through, even when the wind blew off the Dartmoor snows, and problems of ventilation and sanitation which are sometimes troublesome in a cottage never came near him in the van. So instead of selling it, as he had planned, he contented himself with selling the old gray horse that had dragged it across the greater part of the county and settled down to life in the van as a stationary instead of a travelling home. There he had lived in much comfort, a peaceable citizen but paying no rates or taxes, for nearly a score of years. He had buried his wife, had sent one daughter out into the world in domestic service, and with the departure of Sarah, his second, was left alone, but quite contented.

Thus it was that in marriage with Stephen Yeo, and moving from the van, with its possibilities of locomotion (although probably by this time it would have fallen into as many small pieces as "the wonderful one-horse shay" had any effort been made to stir it), to the established mansion of a cottage hav-

ing foundations Sarah Gibbon seemed to have made a distinct step higher in the social order. Her ideals were not exalted. In spite of her relationship on her aunt's side with one of the recognized families in the village, there was a tendency to look askance on her as a foreigner, which was accentuated by the accident of the van being her paternal mansion. Noricott village recognized, when two or three were gathered together to gossip, that Mr. Gibbon and his family were different from the tramps or gipsies who commonly appeared, and disappeared again, in their travelling vans—it was so far, no doubt, a sign of grace in him that his own van had ceased to travel—but the circumstance that in actual fact she was "one of them van people" affected the estimate that Noricott formed of her, notwithstanding. There was actually some condolence with her aunt's family when it was seen that Tim, eldest son of the said aunt, was "walking out" with Sarah. Tim was a carpenter, in fairly regular work, and it was felt that he might look higher than his cousin Sarah for a wife. But "walking out" in Noricott signified no binding contract, and it was felt more fitting by most parties, and possibly even by cousin Tim himself, when it was announced that Sarah and Stephen Yeo were to be "called" in Church. Stephen was known for a good worker of his hands—more than an agricultural or common spade laborer he never had aspired to be—but it could not be said of him that he was a regular worker. He dearly loved a day off now and again, which he would divide between the Red Lion Inn and a long wander over the moor with his "rinning dogue," or running dog, as he would call it, by his side—now and again not at his side, but ranging the moor far and wide when Stephen thought nobody was looking; and if that "running dog," really a half-bred

greyhound and sheep-dog, a lurcher that could use both eyes and nose, happened to see a rabbit crouched in the heather or a hare in its form, it knew quite well what its business was—to pounce on that unsuspecting creature, if possible without giving it a chance of making a bolt for escape, or, if that might not be, to pursue it with immense bounds over the heather that commonly ended in the catching of the quarry and its quiet conveyance back to Stephen, who thrust it into a specially contrived pocket of fine dimensions in the tail of his coat.

At the moment of his marriage it happened by a fortunate accident that Stephen was in full work. It is hardly likely that the ceremony would have suffered delay had this not been so, for providence is not much the habit of the class to which Stephen, still less of that to which Sarah, belonged, and neither of them was a particularly prudent specimen of his or her kind. There was a peculiar fitness, as it seemed, in the fact that Stephen's work at the time was in connection with some repairs, badly needed, of the gray limestone church of Noricott in which they were married. All the omens therefore seemed wondrously favorable when Sarah Gibbon went to the altar from the paternal van and returned to the shelter of the somewhat crumbly roof of Stephen's cottage as Sarah Yeo. Mike had appeared at the wedding in a suit of "blacks," the possession of which never had been suspected of him—it was explained later that some borrowing on the part of Tim, Sarah's cousin, had been the means of supplying them—and had behaved with a decorum that had won him much commendation; but after the wedding folk's tongues had begun to wag in the way that is most easy to them—that is to say, in the way of a criticism that picks out the weak points.

"It be a wisht thing sure enough for

a young 'oman same as Sarah Gibbon—or Yeo, I should say now—for come live in an 'ouse 'long with a natural kind of simple same as Mike Yeo be."

"Ees fay," and so it be, poor thing, but there, what can 'e expect? Mar-ryin' out of a van same as 'er've a-done it be a vine thing for 'er for 'ave a roof over 'er 'ead at all."

"Baint so grand affair of a roof neither. 'Twouldn't be surprisin' if 'e was for vall in altogether one o' these vine days."

"Ees vay, all things must 'ave an end, and so they must; but I be bound for say as Steve Yeo's roof be like for fall in before the end of most things."

"An' 'ow long do 'ee suppose as Steve will stick to 'ees job then? Baint in the like of 'ee for stick to the same job long, it baint, and Sarah won't vind as 'er's a-got a main gentle-'anded 'usband when Steve comes 'ome with the liquor in 'un, that 'er wont."

No doubt the same things, in different words, are said in a higher social scale than that of Noricott. The prognostications were as typical of humanity largely as of the small Devonian village. Nevertheless for a time things went on so bravely at the little cottage at the far end of the street that all such forecasts seemed likely to perish vainly. Stephen stuck to his job. Mike appeared to acquiesce in the establishment of Sarah in the cottage, and Sarah looked after the buttons on Mike's raiment and mended its gaps as those gaps and buttons never had been looked after before. The "simple" repaid her by a kind of dog-like devotion that Sarah was quite well fitted to inspire, for she was a fine specimen of the strong, healthy, and beautiful Devonshire woman, wide of hip, deep of breast, with beautiful dark hair and a complexion like a Quarantine apple. The roof did not fall about their heads, but the Crimson Rambler grew over it and perhaps helped to

keep the mouldering thatch and rafters together, clothing all in a glory of crimson blossoms. And then, unfortunately, though Stephen stuck to his job, the job, like other things in a world of change, came to an end, and he found none other to his hand. Things did not go very well then in the little cottage with the crumbling thatch and crimson blossoms. Stephen might with advantage have set himself to work at putting his own house in order, but perhaps he reflected that it was his own house for a time only, only for so long a time as he continued to pay his weekly rent or as the landlord's mercy gave him days of grace. The days were not days of grace for Sarah, for instead of repairing their own house Stephen had a way of repairing to the public-house, which did not make money or save it. When he came home he was often rough to Sarah, but she understood roughness and did not mind it as some would have minded; and he never spoke words that frightened her (she was not of the kind that is frightened easily) except once, and never was really angry with her except about one matter, and that a matter in which she had no idea of giving him cause for anger. It all came by accident. Sarah was alone in the house. The door as usual stood open. What was not usual, but on the contrary most rare, was that Sarah was crying. It did not happen to her often, but just now times seemed very bad. Mike had gone out to see if he could find a job that would fit his moderate wits, Stephen had left her more roughly than he often did, and she knew that the Red Lion was his bourne. The sun went on shining in the most glorious way outside, as if there never was such a thing as poverty or unhappiness in the world he lighted, and perhaps that was a cause the more with Sarah, though she did not analyze her emotions. In any case

she was giving herself the rare luxury of a cry, and probably doing herself much good by it, when the sunlight was darkened and a figure stood in the doorway. It was Tim. He happened by accident to be passing, and he looked in and saw his cousin all in tears.

"Why, Sally, my dear," he said with surprise and sympathy. "Whatever be the matter then? You do seem for be in a pretty taking, sure enough."

Sarah snatched at her handkerchief and dried up her tears all in a hurry, and assured him with the most ready mendacity that nothing was the matter, and nothing, when he accused her of crying, farther from her thoughts than tears. But he guessed the truth pretty well, and, coming in, drew up a chair beside her and talked of all the cheerful things he could think of by way of comforting her; and while he was there Mike came in too, well pleased with himself on account of a day's wage of sixpence. Then Tim took his leave.

Stephen was not particularly sober when he returned to supper—he had missed his tea—and it did not occur to Sarah to say anything to him about Tim's visit. The next day he went out soon after breakfast with Mike and the "rinning dogue," to see if he could pick up a rabbit on the moor. When he came in about dinner time, empty-handed and plainly ill-tempered, he did not say a word to Sarah till she spoke to him. Then he burst out savagely:

"Been 'avin' any more nice quiet visits from Tim the while we've been agone?"

"Tim?—no," she said, so surprised that she did not catch the meaning of his tone all at once.

"Didn't 'ave no nice quiet visit from 'im yesterday neither, I s'pose?" he said then.

"Tim was just a-passin' by, as it so

'appened, and so 'appened 'ee saw me a-sittin' and 'ee came in. 'Tis no 'arm, I s'pose, my own cousin."

"An' I say as it be 'arm," Stephen roared at her. "Cousin or no cousin I baint agoin' for 'ave 'im a-comin' 'ere while I baint 'ome, and me never told a word about it—'cept for Mike."

Mike stood in the doorway, in stupid astonishment, while his brother spoke, understanding nothing except that Stephen was angry, and dimly that it was Sarah with whom he was angry and that Tim came in for a share of it. Sarah had nothing to say but—

"Well, I should a-thought as you'd a-been ashamed."

At that Stephen, as every man does who feels himself in the wrong, began to explain very forcibly how entirely he was in the right, how the person to be ashamed was not he but she, and so on. There is no originality in these matrimonial disturbances. Sarah, like a wise woman, said but little, letting his wrath find vent in words. Had it been any other man in Noricott but Tim, she well knew that Stephen would not have minded, but Stephen knew that she had been supposed to "walk out" for a while with Tim, and Tim was so much the good boy and Stephen the bad boy of the village, that the reasons for a certain jealousy of Tim on the part of Stephen were very intelligible.

Three days later Tim came to the cottage again, and Sarah received him so coldly that he was surprised and a little hurt, but made no complaint and soon went off, as Sarah hoped he would. A week went by and still Stephen found no occasion for work, though the need that he should earn more wages grew manifestly greater. Then on an afternoon when they were at tea, Sarah, Stephen, and Mike together, there came a knock at the door, and when it was opened Tim was there. Sarah greeted him timorously

and Stephen gave him no more than a nod.

"I baint goin' for come in, Sally, thankee," Tim said then, though Sarah had not dared to give him the invitation. "I was on'y lookin' in for say as I'd 'eard tell of a job of work down to Biddycombe as Stephen might like for know of."

Stephen did not say much to express gratitude, but probably Tim had reckoned him up as one from whom the words of grace did not flow easily, and just went on with what he had to say, explaining that a big job in the way of laying down drainage pipes for the growing watering-place of Biddycombe—growing to a watering-place out of a fishing-village, and so requiring all sorts of modern conveniences which the fishers had done very well without—had been taken over by a contractor who was seeking workmen to dig the trenches, lay the pipes, and carry through the job.

"'Twill be a year's job, if you'm minded for take it, Stephen," Tim said finally. "Likely enough as it won't be just the sort of job as you'm a-lookin' for, but I thought as well for tell 'ee of it—so there it be."

Stephen did not say a word for a moment, so that Sarah, quite ashamed for him, had to answer, "Well, I'm sure us be main obliged to 'ee, Tim, and so us be," and at that Stephen too felt a little shame and muttered a word or two about "Main obliged to 'ee, Tim," and Tim wished them good-night and left them to finish their tea and discuss the news.

Undoubtedly the news was good, and if it had been any other than Tim who brought the news Stephen would not have concealed his gladness. It meant work for a year, Tim had said, and it was just the kind of unskilled work, needing strength and little brain, that Stephen was best able to do. The real drawback was that Biddycombe,

although in the same county, was a long way off—a matter of thirty miles or more, and the only way to it, without going right to Exeter and down again, which meant a long and a dear railway journey, with some miles of walking to and from the station at each end, was to trudge all the thirty odd miles along the rough and up-and-down roads over the moorland. It meant a virtual separation of husband and wife while the work was going on, and neither the one nor the other was adept at literary correspondence, though both could write a little. It was just about an open question, however, whether the writing of a letter or the thirty mile walk would be the greater effort of either of them.

But in spite of a little grumbling, which was inevitable, there was no real doubt in Stephen's mind about accepting the chance that Tim had offered him, and a couple of days later he set off on his long tramp across the moorland with a bundle of all that he needed on a stick over his back, and Mike and Sarah walking a mile or two with him on his way to see him fairly started. Then, at the top of a hill beyond which the road led down into a steep valley, and on up a steep hillside again opposite, Sarah kissed him good-bye. She and Mike sat a long while by the roadside among the gorse, while Stephen steadily plodded along on his lonely way. Now and again he would turn back, and then Sarah would wave her handkerchief to him, which was always ready, for the tears were falling. The last wave was when he was on the crest of the further hill. He stood a minute or two there, waving his hand in response. Then he went on over the hill. So long as there was even the top of his cap to see, Sarah stood there watching it; but then that too went down over the horizon, and she turned back, with a final sob, to Mike, who had stood

gently by the while, only dimly understanding the cause of her distress, and so, still quite early in the day, they came back to the cottage.

That very afternoon Tim called to see Sarah. He had heard, he said, that Stephen was going that day, and now that he had gone was anxious about the part that he himself had played in suggesting to Stephen the job that took him so far from home. Sarah did not quite understand him at first; so then he explained to her: "'Tis because of Mike, don't 'ee see, Sally? There baint many as would care for be shut up alone with 'im in the house days and days together."

But Sarah laughed at him, and at the very idea that she could be at all afraid of Mike, who was in truth the gentlest thing in the world, only uncouth, and, as Tim said, not quite the companion that a woman might choose to be alone with.

"Oh, well, then," he said finally. "You always was a brave 'un, Sally, ever since you was a little mite of a thing; but mind 'ee this, now, if ever so be as you be afraid of 'im and want a bit of 'elp or comfort, I be there, always ready for 'elp 'ee."

"An' that I be sure you be, Tim, and thankee kindly"; and therewith the matter ended.

In the meantime Stephen had gone over many a hill and valley, and come to what once had been a delectable fishing-village, but was now grown into a watering-place which certain persons of curious taste seemed to find delectable because of negro minstrels playing on the sands and other like congenial joys. To Stephen, no doubt, these things were a joy in the hours that he was off work, for they had for him all the charm of novelty. But his hours of holiday were not many, except on the Sabbath, because the gangers

whom the contractor had put in charge of each little company of the workmen were hard men who had come to their positions by not sparing themselves, and saw no reason why they should be any more sparing of others. So for many hours in the day Stephen worked, chiefly with pick and spade, delving out a great length of trench some mile and a half or more in total length. At places the trench had to go but a few feet below the surface, with just enough soil above to cover the great pipes and keep them safe; but at other places it had to go, like a railway cutting in little, through the breast of a hill, and the sides of the trench had to be shored up with timber and the pipes lowered down, when the time came for that, with ropes and pulleys. Here and there they tapped a spring, and then a pump had to be rigged up, and kept going all the while that the men were working, to keep the water from rising in the trench. At intervals inspection chambers were built, and at one place a great pump-house and engine-house. It was a big work. Stephen, yellow to start with in his moleskins and flannel shirt, grew more and more yellow as the yellow earth (it was not here like the red earth of Noricott) won its way more and more ubiquitously about his raiment. The men were clad nearly alike. All wore the moleskin trousers; all the flannel shirt without collar; nearly all had the broad leather belt with brass clasp supporting the trousers, and not a few (but of them Stephen was not one) had the ears pierced and wore plain earrings. Only in the hats, caps, and general head covering there was less of a prevalent fashion, and the faces were as various as you please, remembering that the highly intellectual type was not to be expected. Stephen was a rough fellow, but there were rougher than he, by far, in the motley gang, collected from far and

near, that the contractor had found for his work, and perhaps the life-stories of some of them might have been worthy of a place in the Newgate Calendar. For sleeping quarters they had one or two big sheds rigged up, for which a charge was made that was deducted from the weekly wage; but many of the men had lodgings in the fishermen's quarter, and some in the summer nights preferred sleeping out "in the rough" as they called it, in the open air, among the heather and gorse and bracken of the hillside. It was a hard life, and not a very merry one, but Stephen made small demands on life, and did not grumble at it more than the rest or more than is becoming a man and an Englishman.

So the weeks went by, weeks of monotonous labor broken by a few days of holiday at Christmas, in which Stephen had promised himself that he would go home and pay his wife a visit; but somehow he had fallen into temptation at the Merry Mariner, which was the usual house of call of the gang, and had fared no further, and spent much of what he had intended taking as a Christmas present for Sarah. But still he always managed to send her the half of his wages, and they were good wages, every week, though he grudged the penny for the post and the penny for the order. Sometimes he would manage to send a line or two of writing with it saying that he was well, and hoping that she was, and generally the same account and the same wish came once in three weeks or so from her. Sometimes there was more than this in Sarah's letters; but this was about as much as Stephen could make out of them, partly because her writing and power of expression were not luminous, and partly because he was not very apt at reading. What he could not make out he was contented to take on trust.

The days lengthened and the season

turned to spring. They were working now in a section of the track that ran along the level road, and the pipes were to lie some few feet only underground, so that the men all along the line had heads and shoulders above ground. From away up in front of the line Stephen heard a noise of laughter and shouting that came down gradually nearer as the sad figure of fun that caused it passed the line of workers. It was a tall, lank figure, with shambling gait, slouched hat awry over a face bearing that scarcely human look of harmless imbecility that always arouses the jeers of brutal natures. Man after man, right down to where Stephen shaded his eyes from the low slanting sun to scan the figure more closely, thought it a humorous thing to throw a jeer and a laugh at this poor creature. Right down to Stephen—but when Stephen had taken one fair look at the approaching figure, he turned on the man in front of him with a savage curse that silenced the merriment in an instant, for the weight of Stephen's hand was known by experience throughout the gang.

"Be quiet there, I tell 'ee; it be Mike." And who Mike might be they could not well know; but it was enough for them that Stephen went up from the trench and took the creature that had given them such mirth in a friendly handgrip. Such further disposition to laugh as they felt was indulged in silent winks and grinnings.

It was a long while before Stephen could make a definite account of what his brother had come to tell him. Mike's natural simpleness made him a poor narrator of a story at the best, and he was now far from his best, overworn by a day-long tramp over the hills—indeed, it was not apparent from his account whether he had been one day on the road or two or three. What was most apparent was that he was ravenously hungry, and Stephen

brought him to the big sleeping shed and gave him bread and cheese. That he had some story to tell, Stephen could make out, but what it was remained only dimly figured. Whether Sarah was well or ill was not obvious; and it struck Stephen that many weeks had passed since he had received a scrap of writing from Sarah. But Sarah was in the picture somehow, and then, as an accessory, Tim seemed to come into it, and at last the conclusion jumped out of the gloom that by Tim and Sarah together Mike had been sent out of the house, and, not knowing whither to turn, had come where perhaps they had least thought he ever could find his way—to Stephen, right across the moor.

By the time Stephen had reached this point in his brother's narrative, the sun had long set into a moonless night. Pitch dark as it was, Stephen then and there would have set out on the homeward road, had he known what to do with Mike; but Mike was already so worn out by his tramp over the hills that to ask him to start off at once to repeat it was plainly impossible. He fell asleep even in course of telling his story or of answering Stephen's questions; but by next morning's dawn Stephen vowed that he would take the homeward road. He had but little sleep that night, and, whenever he dozed, it was to wake with a start and with a mind full of dark fancies. He imagined his home-coming—how he would steal to the window of the cottage, and there through a kind of red and lurid mist made by his own disordered mind he fancied that he saw Tim and Sarah, she on his knee, he caressing her, fondling her. Then he went from the window; and he could now see himself gently lifting the latch of the door, entering so quietly that the gullible ones did not see him till he was close upon them. Then Sarah screamed aloud, and it was always at this point,

as if awakened by the sound of the scream so vividly imagined, that he came to himself to find Mike snoring beside him heavily in the lee of the wooden sleeping shed; for he had not cared to ask permission of the other men to bring his "simple" brother into their midst. There was another reason too why he preferred to spend that night outside—namely, that all night long he gripped in his hand, and especially tight at the crisis of his repeated dream when he stole tip-toe into his cottage, a small and heavy hammer, such as is used for breaking stones. He did not wish that any of the other men should see him with this weapon, which, as it happened, was stolen, for it did not belong to Stephen, but to his employer; but the thought of the theft did not trouble him the least in the world. His mind was full of imaginings of a greater crime than the theft of a stone-breaker's hammer, and yet he had no idea that he was proposing to execute more than a righteous judgment. He conceived of himself as sinned against, never at all as sinning.

With the dawn he shook Mike out of his heavy sleep. Over night he had provided all that they wanted for their long tramp—bread, a chunk of bacon, and a wedge of cheese. Before any of the other men were stirring he had led Mike away by the arm, and was obediently followed, as ever, by the weak-witted brother. Mike said little and asked no questions, going as a dog goes when its master leads, and Stephen was in little mood for talk. His thoughts were company enough to him. Now and again he balanced the heavy-headed hammer to see how it fitted best to his hand, and at these times the country looked red before his eyes.

All the first part of their journey was uphill, for the inland district rose steeply away from the sea level till it came almost to the upper plane of the moor. After that they went by many

a rise and fall till they reached the real wild moorland, and here when they had been going some three hours Mike's strength began to fail him. For the last mile or more he had been lagging sorely, so that Stephen, whose impatient spirit seemed to give wings to his heavy boots, looked back at him and bade him come on, with many a rough word. The poor creature did his best at each of these injunctions to mend his pace, but the spirit soon died away, and finally Stephen, looking back, saw him sink down by the wayside on the heather.

He cursed aloud. For a few moments he hesitated whether to leave him so, and go on alone, or come back to help him. Then the kindlier feeling, or the habit of long years, prevailed, and he retraced his steps, grudging each inch of the backward path till he reached his brother, prone and exhausted. To his imperious command to get up and come on Mike replied pitifully that he could not, and even Stephen, rough as he was and fretful beyond expression, saw that he spoke the truth.

"Mike," he said, "I be bound for go forward. Do 'ee think then as you'll be able for find your way 'ome if I leave 'ee? I'll leave 'ee a bit of bacon and bread and cheese. You can eat mun now if you'm minded. Then, when you'm able you can come forward again. 'Tis Noricott, 'ome, us be goin'. You understand that, don't 'ee, Mike? 'Tis the very same road as you must 'a come along by for find me. You mind 'un, don't 'ee?"

Mike said that he was all right, or so at least Stephen, in his impatience, was fain to think. Since he had found the way by himself going, it seemed reasonable to suppose that he could find the same way back again when a good part of the journey was already accomplished. So Stephen, having cut him more than an equal share of the

bacon, bread, and cheese, and left it beside him, started again on the road leading to his vengeance. Mike only too grateful on any terms to have leave to lie and rest.

Stephen ate his dinner as he went, pushing into his mouth great chunks of the bacon, bread, and cheese, that he cut off with his knife. At one or two of the moorland springs he lay down and drank his fill of the peaty water; but he would not rest. And now, as the sun began to go down again from its climb up to the height of the roof of heaven the soil of the country began to change from that yellow which was its hue along the rearward side of the moor to the rich red of the soil about Noricott. It was a sign to Stephen that he was nearing home. He had walked for many hours, yet was conscious of no fatigue. His outlook was always forward to the moment when he should come to actual hand-grips with the crisis, and he felt again the balance of the hammer in his right hand.

Before the sun was come to its setting he began to see outlines that had been familiar to him all his life. On the moor he had seen only those that he had learnt in his previous tramp across. Presently the smoke of the village came in view, lying heavily in its valley. He passed the point at which he had left Mike and Sarah standing to watch his going when he had fared away from Noricott—going, as he had told himself a hundred times in the last twenty-four hours, on the very suggestion of Tim, who now—! Fool that he had been! He despised himself for his blindness in going. Why had he not trusted to the instinct that had bidden him refuse this job because Tim had been the one to offer it? He thought of his beautiful wife—of accorded right the most beautiful woman in Noricott. What would he do with the hammer? Would he deal two blows with it, or one? Of the one he

had no question. That part of the tragedy he had rehearsed in his mind till he was nigh dazed with it; but as for the other, for the woman, his decision was not taken even now that he had passed the last ridge of moorland, and was on his downward way right to the village.

His cottage was at the hither end of it as he approached, and rather apart from the other houses. He saw no one as he came along the road, and passed through the little garden gate that stood, as it had stood for years, broken and open. He stepped aside off the little path, stole to the window exactly as he had planned to do in his walk across the moor, and looked within. Already a candle had been lighted in the room, though there was still light in the sky out of doors, and the fire threw flickering beams about it. Sarah was lying on the dilapidated "sofy" before the fire, asleep. He looked about for Tim, but there was no sign of him. Probably he was not come in yet from his work. He was a good worker always, as Stephen reflected, and at the thought held his hammer at a handier balance. Then Stephen heard the well-remembered click of the door that shut off the stairway leading to the upstairs room, and his pulse went fast at the thought that now he should see Tim appear. But it was not Tim. To his surprise it was a girl of the village whom he knew well, Mary Taylor. What should she be doing in his house? She glanced at Sarah a moment; then, seeing her sleeping, went to close the cottage door which stood open. Before doing so she took a look without, and in that look espied Stephen.

"Stephen," she exclaimed. "Be that you?"

Stephen was turning to her even as she spoke.

"'Ees, it be," he said, speaking painfully, with a throat as dry as a kiln. "Where be Tim?"

"Tim," she replied as if the question were a natural one enough to ask. "'Ee'll be along d'rectly, I reckon. Do 'ee come inside, Stephen."

"Along directly, will 'ee? 'Ees, I'll come inside."

He came, and when he had made two steps across the room he stopped abruptly. Beside the sofa on which Sarah slept was a tiny cot, and in the cot, sleeping also, a baby of a few days old.

Helplessly Stephen gazed for a full half minute. Then he said to the girl beside him, in a dry whisper, with an unconscious point of his hammer at the tiny thing. "Be that Sally's?"

"'Ees fai', it be, Stephen," she said, laughing under her breath. "Why, didn't 'ee know?"

"No, I didn't know nothing, Mary Taylor. How was I for know?"

"Sally said as 'er'd a-wrote it to 'ee on her letters, on'y 'er said as 'er wasn't sure whether you'd rightly understand. And it baint Mary Taylor no longer, neither, Stephen. I be married to Tim now. You 'avent a-heard that neither, maybe."

"No, for sure I 'avent," Stephen said weakly. All his grasp of life seemed to be going from him, and as if to express his bewilderment on the physical side the hammer went from his hand and fell with a clang on the floor. At the sound, both sleepers awoke; the baby began a little feeble cry, and Sarah, turning herself painfully towards the child, caught sight of Stephen and gave a cry too, but of delight.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed in a weak voice of purest joy. "Do'ee

The Cornhill Magazine.

come here then. It be bootiful for see 'ee."

She put up her arms about his neck very feebly, but very lovingly, and began to tell him all sorts of things, of the kindness of Tim and Mary, and how she had hoped he would come, and then suddenly, in the middle of telling him, she checked herself. "And aw, Stephen," she said pitifully, "us 'ave lost the poor old Mike. Us was bound for put un out of the 'ouse and Tim told un for go over to 'ees 'ouse and thought as 'ee'd find un there, and 'e went and no one's ever seed un again."

"'Ees they 'ave then," said Stephen, smiling at her. "I've a-seed un myself, and that not more'n two or three hour ago." So then there was a deal of explanation to be done on Stephen's part. In the middle of all that, Tim came to the door, on his way back from work, to see if he could bring his wife anything, as she was sleeping there for the time being. At sight of Stephen he had to come into the room to welcome him, his wife, who had taken the baby from its cot, explaining to him volubly the while that Mike was no longer lost. Stephen returned Tim's look a little sheepishly as the other took him by the hand, and said, "Well I be main glad for see 'ee, sure enough. Us all be." Then Tim's foot struck some object on the floor. He stooped to pick it up.

"Why, whatever be that?" he asked, holding up the hammer.

"Aw, that!" said Stephen. "'Tis something as I 'appened for bring along —by mistake."

Horace Hutchinson.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.*

With a single exception, Lord Randolph Churchill's rise to the first place in the House of Commons is the most dazzling personal triumph in English Parliamentary history. No parallel can be found to it except that which goes far beyond a parallel, the amazing victory which, exactly a hundred years before, the genius and courage of a boy of twenty-four won over the united forces of all the veterans of the House of Commons. That achievement stands alone; and its equal is not likely to be found, even though the House of Commons should live another five hundred years. But such parallel as there is anywhere is to be seen in the career of Lord Randolph Churchill. In January, 1781, Pitt was only a proud boy, who had inherited the greatest of all political names. Three years later he was Prime Minister. In 1881 Lord Randolph Churchill was the leader of a party of four, and he and his party were the established political joke of the day. In 1886 he was the leader of the House of Commons, with every eye fixed on him as the man of the future. But there, except for the brevity of the two lives, the parallel ends altogether. The swiftness of Pitt's rise to power was scarcely more remarkable than the tenacity with which he retained it. Lord Randolph's fall was even swifter than his rise. And it was final. When Pitt died in 1806, of the forty-six years of his life nearly twenty had been passed as Prime Minister. Lord Randolph was also on the point of being forty-six when he died; but he had known only a year of office and only six months of power. Perhaps the story that Mr. Winston Churchill tells

in this book loses nothing from the sense of the impending catastrophe which must be in the mind of every one who reads it. There is, indeed, in Lord Randolph's career a comedy, a history, and a tragedy; a comedy of irresponsible youth — Blenheim Harriers, and rehearsals at hunt dinners of the "Jack the Giant Killer" impudences, which were afterwards to stagger more important assemblies; next, from 1883-86, a history in which, with Napoleonic vigor, speed, and ruthlessness, he transforms his party, leads it to victory, and becomes himself the most powerful man in England; and then, from 1887 to 1895, a tragedy in which those ancient forces—fate and a too free will—both play their parts, till the curtain falls on the last sad months in which the indomitable courage of the victim only increases the pain of those who watch him die. Never was there a case in which we so inevitably think the thoughts which an obscurer political tragedy drew from Burke:—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

It is a pleasure to be able to say that a life so well worth writing has been admirably written. Sons have not always proved the most judicious of biographers, and Mr. Winston Churchill's warmest admirers would not ask us to think him the most judicious of men. But here is a book which is certainly among the two or three most exciting political biographies in the language, and yet the young Achilles has done due honor to his Patroclus without sacrificing any slaughtered Trojans on the funeral pyre. The book is a son's book, of course, written from a particular point of view; and there are, of course, things which might be said against

* "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. Two vols. (Macmillan. 38s. net.)

Lord Randolph Churchill, but are not said here. That is inevitable; but the worst kind of biographer is not he who has a point of view, but he who has not—and certainly Mr. Winston Churchill has not unduly obtruded his. One hears the son's voice in a good many places, and hears it willingly; the voice of the politician one hardly ever hears. Good taste has not generally been considered the strong point either of the biographer or of his father; nor has either of them been conspicuous for self-restraint. But the severest critic will find very few lapses of taste in this book; and for those few it is not the writer's pen, but his subject's tongue, that is responsible. And as for self-restraint, who could have believed that Mr. Winston Churchill could write a book that is full of Mr. Chamberlain, and not altogether empty of Mr. Balfour, and yet write it like an historian, and not at all like a man on a party platform? But he has. Even the temptation of the fair trade controversy, and Lord Randolph's conversion to economic orthodoxy, has not made him swerve from the path of virtue. Once, and once only, so far as we have noticed, does he indulge himself in the luxury of using the past to point the moral of the present. And then the allusion is as innocent as it is isolated. It occurs in the account of his father's resignation. "It is no doubt true that he rated his own power . . . too high. Like many a successful man before him—and *some since*—he thought the forces he had directed in the past were resident in himself, whereas they were to some extent outside himself and independent." The italics are not in the original; and, even with their assistance, this single shaft shot at our existing political actualities can hardly be said to look very venomous.

But let there be no mistake. Virtue does not necessarily imply dulness. The book is, on the whole, a serious

and fair-minded record of Lord Randolph's career. But its interest never flags for a moment. No one who cares for politics will willingly put it down when it is once in his hands. People who do not care for politics had better not touch it. With Mr. Gladstone it was different. He might have been an Archbishop, if fate had so willed it, or a college don; and Mr. Morley was certain beforehand of a large circle of academic and ecclesiastical readers. But no one can imagine Lord Randolph anything but a politician. And whatever else he was is not the concern of this book. It is written for politicians; and by them it will be read eagerly, excitedly, and often enthusiastically, from the first page to the last. There is every dish in it that can whet their palates, all the things that every one wants to know and only a very few can find out; the real views that lie behind the plausibilities of the platform, the private relations that lie behind public politenesses, all the secret springs of which the world sees only the resulting acts. And yet it is no book of the backstairs. The revelations are of things of real interest, and are given in letters from the actors themselves, published with their consent. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who was more closely associated with Lord Randolph in his two great years than any one else, has "thoroughly revised the whole book." A large number of letters to and from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and some to and from the Duke of Devonshire, give the changing picture of his relations with each. It is characteristic of his hot-headedness that with each there is a sharp quarrel. And yet, for all these exciting personalities, there are no windows broken; unless, indeed, it be those of the Cabinet. How far will that august and so edifying fiction, the unity of the Cabinet, survive the successive attacks of Mr. Morley, Lord Edmund

Fitzmaurice, and Mr. Churchill? Perhaps no one ever believed it in the inner chamber of his mind; but no one goes into those inner chambers very often; and for daylight, and the street, and the platform, it passed very well as one of the solemn plausibilities of our political system. But will that be possible any longer after the man in the street has seen Lord Randolph "alone in the Cabinet" of which the world supposed him to be the most powerful member, Lord Salisbury wishing there were "no such thing as Local Government" after an *eirenicon* which he had proposed had been abruptly rejected by his colleagues and, most startling of all, Mr. Gladstone rejoicing over "only three resignations" at a Cabinet meeting?

However, nothing would have disturbed Lord Randolph less than that he, or his Life, should be the means of exploding any number of venerable fictions. And for the rest of us, it is a satisfaction to observe that, if the corporate Cabinet suffers, the individuals that compose it come out, for the most part, unscathed. The wisdom and patience and self-abnegation of Lord Salisbury, to whose great qualities Mr. Churchill pays more than one generous tribute, the "grave, calm, slow-moving" mind of the Duke of Devonshire, the sacrifices of office and power and political prospects actually made by the Duke and Lord James and Mr. Chamberlain, on the Liberal Unionist side, and met, on the Conservative side, by the most evidently sincere offers of the same self-abnegation on the part of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill—these things all come to give us a feeling that, after all has been said, English public life is still a thing we have a right to be proud of, a great life, greatly and honorably lived.

However, one may hope that there is nothing new or surprising about

this; though there are people who will say that a Life of Lord Randolph Churchill is not exactly the place where they would have expected to discover such consolation. But that is part of the interest of the book; it contains a good many things that one would not expect to find in it. Who, for instance, except the very few who have been behind the most secret political curtains, will not be surprised to learn that the first meeting between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain occurred at the Turf Club, of all places in the world? Napoleon and Alexander met to divide the world on the neutral ground of a boat moored in the middle of the Niemen; and if, for these meetings of great potentates, a place has to be found where neither will feel himself too much at home, Lord Randolph, who arranged this meeting, may be congratulated on the abundant fitness of the ground he chose. Certainly he meant to succeed. This book brings out how eagerly from the first he pressed a coalition on Lord Salisbury. In November, 1885, directly Mr. Gladstone was known to be committed to Home Rule, he wrote:—

I think you ought to negotiate with the other side, giving Hartington India, Goschen Home Office, and Rosebery Scotch Office. You will never get Whig support so long as I am in the Government, and Whig support you must have.

To which Lord Salisbury drily replied, "They hate me as much as they hate you": and, some months later:—

I observe that Hartington, whenever he has the chance, dwells with so much conviction upon my "rashness, &c.," that I suspect I am more the difficulty than you. I believe the G.O.M., if he were driven to so frightful a dilemma, would rather work with me than with you; but that with Hartington it is the reverse.

The whole of the story of the years 1885-1887 and the gradual passage of the Liberal Unionists from correspondence with Mr. Gladstone to co-operation with Lord Salisbury is told here with an authoritative fulness which is at once new and final. Mr. Morley had told it from the other side; he could not tell it from this. Among other new things in the book the most startling is probably the fact that Lord Randolph resigned the India Office in August, 1885, because Lord Salisbury had sent Lord Dufferin a letter from the Queen about an appointment for the Duke of Connaught without making any communication with him; and the most important is the elaborate Budget scheme he had submitted to the Cabinet before his final resignation. Of that it is enough to say here that even its author never produced anything bolder, and that no Budget since—not even the famous one of Sir William Harcourt—has made anything like such a courageous attempt to cover the whole ground. Budgets have always proved slippery things, and probably even Lord Randolph's tenacious fingers would not have managed to hold this intact to the end. Its main lines were sweeping reductions of the income-tax and the tea and tobacco duties met by a complete reconstruction of the death and house duties on a graduated scale, and by several new taxes. But more exciting than either the Budget or the first resignation, and almost equally new as far as the details are concerned, are the accounts of the defeat of Lord Salisbury and capture of the National Union in 1884, of the formation of the two Ministries of 1885 and 1886, and of the final resignation at the end of the latter year. There are many people who find—some of them half against the grain—that Westminster and Pall Mall are, for them, the most interesting places in all the

world, and the game of politics its only really exciting game; and by all of them these chapters will be devoured with breathless eagerness. They will at least have the pleasure of seeing their favorite game splendidly and audaciously played. Lord Randolph knew what he wanted from the first and meant to have it. He had unbounded confidence in himself, and might have said in the early eighties, almost in the first Pitt's words, "I know that I can save this party and I know that no one else can." He was not a man to lose time in the "beatific state of chronic deliberation" which he found so common in the Cabinet, when he got there. The Tory party appeared to him to be going to sleep, and he did not care whose bones were broken in the process of waking it up. He chose his ground well, and when he had taken his stand on it he never once retreated. All through these controversies he showed a great soldier's instinct in taking up a strong position, luring the enemy into a weak one, and then smiting him in full strength and without a moment's delay. And, so far as politics are a mere game to be played, or a mere battle to be won, he never made a serious mistake till the final one, the commonest of all, which no one had more excuse for making than he. But the excuse was of no avail. The world is never fond of people who fancy it cannot do without them; and the letter from Windsor Castle, like similar documents before and since, found no more agreeable answer than that ancient but chilling maxim, "*Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.*" There is always a Goschen somehow on these occasions, and it does not do to forget him.

But a biography is, after all, more as well as less than a history; its business is not merely to relate events but to paint a portrait—what sort of portrait of Lord Randolph is it that this

book ultimately leaves on the memory? In some respects, that of a more complex personality than has generally been believed. Who would have suspected, for instance, that Lord Randolph, in his speeches the rudest man, perhaps, who ever sat on the front bench, had in private "an old-world courtesy of manner" that astonished the Treasury and made Mr. Gladstone call him "the most courtly man I ever met"? Or, again, what could surprise most people more than to find Lord Randolph writing to Miss Jerome shortly before their marriage:—

I strongly recommend you to read some great works and histories . . . novels, or even travels, are rather unsatisfactory and do one no good, because they create an unhealthy excitement, which is bad for any one.

and, in the same letter—

I have two old favorites. When I feel very cross and angry I read Gibbon, whose profound philosophy and easy though majestic writing soon quiets me down, and in an hour I feel at peace with all the world. When I feel very low and desponding I read Horace, whose thorough epicureanism, quiet maxims, and beautiful verse are most tranquillizing. Of late I have had frequent recourse to my two friends, and they have never failed me.

It may be noted, too, that he quoted *Non ebur neque aurum* in the House of Commons in 1884 at the expense of Mr. W. H. Smith, whose "brilliant, ingenious, and fertile mind" had invented the argument that Irishmen who lived in mud cabins were not fit to vote. His son tells us that in his early days he knew three books almost by heart—the Bible, Gibbon, and "Jor-rocks." The "resignation" chapter in this book is headed by a passage from Dryden which Mr. Churchill found copied out in his father's hand; those fine lines which end, "But what has been has been, and I have had my

hour." So that Lord Randolph, too, was not altogether without the love of letters traditional among English statesmen. But these and other indications of the conventional English gentleman of culture are only the details of the portrait. The broad impression is still that of the astonishing young man of whom no one could say whether his impudence was greater than his ability, or his ability greater than his impudence. "*De l'audace et toujours de l'audace*" was always his motto; and his life is a series of defiance beginning with schoolmasters at Eton, police magistrates at Oxford, and masters of hounds in the hunting field, and proceeding quite naturally to the magnates of his party and the House. Even in his marriage he was as rapid and audacious as in everything else. He proposed to Miss Jerome on the third night of their acquaintance, and when his father delayed the marriage by "unnecessary rigmarole and verbosity," was only prevented by a timely surrender from a most vigorous scheme of reprisals to be carried out through the medium of the borough of Woodstock. Everywhere and in everything, he is a person who makes things livelier by his entrance into a room. Public life does not contain too many people who enliven the course of official routine as he did, by such questions as the "Was I a bimetallist when I was at the India Office?" with which he startled Sir Arthur Godley; or that other, "Are the consumers represented upon this deputation?" which he put with crushing gravity to a deputation of sugar refiners.

That was the man. The statesman is, perhaps, less easy to be sure about. Two things, however, are brought out pretty clearly in this book, his essential consistency and his loyalty to his party. Towards his friends and colleagues, indeed, he seems to have been

deficient in the kind of loyalty which alone makes political co-operation possible. Sir John Gorst and Mr. Jennings, after the closest political alliance with him, conceived themselves so badly treated by him that they broke off all correspondence, and never resumed it. Mr. Chamberlain felt so injured by his conduct at one time that he wrote to him in the third person. Lord Salisbury, after a brief intimacy, during which he wrote Lord Randolph 110 letters in seven months, accepted his resignation without reluctance, and never desired his return. The truth is Lord Randolph was too wilful, too arbitrary, too masterful, to act for long with men who would not be his puppets. That would not so much have mattered if he had had it in him to follow the wise advice Mr. Labouchere gave him at the time of his resignation—"Sacrifice everything to becoming a fetish; then, and only then, you can do as you like." But patience, the first necessity of an English statesman, was a quality of which he knew nothing; and his imperious impatience was his ruin. Still, this incapacity for getting on with men involved no disloyalty to principle. Few, indeed, are the prominent statesmen who have so few inconsistencies in their record. The best service Mr. Churchill has done his father's memory is the conclusive proof he gives that his extremely generous views about Ireland, so often supposed to have been taken up with an eye to Parnell's support, date from his first residence in Ireland during his father's Vice-royalty. And the Liberal opinions which he found to be so distasteful to the "rampant and irrepressible Toryism" of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet were profoundly sincere. But the question, which, perhaps, he never sufficiently asked himself, is whether a man who believed in local option and one man one vote, who "regarded Lib-

eral measures as things good and desirable in themselves," and who could say even in joke that he cared more for the Eight Hours Bill than for Monarchy, Church, or House of Lords, had any business in the Conservative party at all? He was loyal in action, as his conduct from 1887 to his death, with its many resistances to temptation and its few surrenders, shows; but could he possibly be loyal in thought?

That was perhaps the unhealthiest side of his influence on politics—that and the vulgar license of personal abuse he always practised, which did more than has been done by any one else to lower the dignity and amenity of English public life. A statesman of the highest order he certainly was not. In political faith and courage, the spring of all great achievement, he almost equalled Gladstone and Disraeli, and he surpassed Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour; but he had nothing of Lord Salisbury's large wisdom, and nothing of Mr. Balfour's intellectual fertility. Most of all, perhaps, he was wanting in the higher qualities of the imagination. He lived entirely on the earth, in the street, one might say, with his eyes on the polling booth, and his hopes on the next general election. He could never touch the national imagination on the moral side as Gladstone could, making voters and politicians feel the issue of the moment as part of the eternal duel between the spirit of evil and the spirit of good; nor on the historical side as, at his best, Disraeli could, making a public meeting a place in which the very air seemed full of august memories. Such things were not in him to do. But what he could do he did. And the man who in four years completely transformed a great party, and prepared it for twenty years of power, will not be forgotten so long as English parties exist and English political history is read.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE POOR.

No one nowadays would wish to be poor. With the possible exception of a few eccentrics, we all agree with Dr. Johnson that, "*ceteris paribus*, he who is rich in a civilized society must be happier than he who is poor." Nevertheless, the poor have their own consolations, some of which the rich might envy. Foremost among these is their philosophy of life. Philosophy apart from religion has, we think, now no power to console the educated, but it does console the ignorant. The peculiar philosophy of the poor is largely fatalistic; but their fatalism is modified by common-sense, which prevents it from sapping their energies. Out of a paradoxical mixture, of the intrinsic contradictions of which they are never conscious, they make an excellent salve for anxiety and a cure for the lighter forms of regret and remorse. "It seems as if it was to be" is a sentence continually upon the lips of poor people. The words are made to apply in all sorts of circumstances, from the loss of a livelihood to the breaking of a jug. They serve to excuse negligence and to screen off all retrospective recognitions of error; and even in serious sorrows which are beyond the reach of any soporific they ease the bitter feeling which must, one would think, from time to time suggest itself in such words as these:—"If we had not been poor, such-and-such a misfortune would never have happened to us. Money would have saved that child, or cured that man, or avoided that accident." Fatalism often gives great calm in illness, at least to the patient, who is quite sure he will not die till his time comes, while common-sense prevents his relations, as a rule, from relaxing their efforts for his recovery. It is true that the poor do not enjoy better health

than those above them; but this fact is amply accounted for by their circumstances. Considering how completely they disregard all the rules which the doctors make for the rich, it is surprising that they enjoy as good health as they do. They look old earlier than the upper classes do, especially the women; but this is partly due to the fact that, except in order to get work, they never try to look young, or to seem young, or to feel young. They do not set the same value upon living as the better off: if such an expression be permissible, they do not hoard life as richer people instinctively hoard it; they do not grudge the passing years. But it is not only in sorrow that poor people take refuge in the thought that "it was to be." We have known the same notion to be called in to enhance pleasure as well as to soothe pain. Only lately we heard the words used to throw an atmosphere of much-needed romance over a marriage which had been striven for, and worked up to, by the philosopher with that foresight and regard for worldly advantage of which the upper classes have no complete monopoly.

An even partially fatalistic philosophy has, of course, its bad side. It encourages the spread of infectious disease, and it lightens the sense of responsibility. Common-sense is beginning to correct the first evil; and as for the other, evil though it is, we hardly hope to see it corrected under present conditions, for if the conscientious poor had as strong a feeling of responsibility as the conscientious rich we believe they would sink under their burdens. The poor stand towards life in an attitude of acceptance. They have not a great deal of self-control, but, putting temper aside, they are, in their sober judgments, very tolerant. "It is dread-

ful to think that there are such people," said a gentleman a short time ago to a poor woman who was complaining, most justly, of the ill-conduct and unkindness of her nearest neighbors. "Oh, well," replied she, "if there were not some of that sort there would not be some of all sorts." She had grasped the inner meaning of the saying that it takes a great many people to make a world, which is not so much a statement of fact as a criticism upon facts. Differences of lot and of character add greatly to the interest of life, even if they take from its comfort, and the English poor are not censorious, though they are critical. Neither are they envious. Half their condemnations, though uttered with apparent conviction, are really, as it were, only conversational. They do not mean to be taken too seriously, and will often turn right round in a few days' time and make excuses for those they have spoken against, saying with irritating cheerfulness that they have had reason to reconsider their verdict, as "one story is good till another is told." The sight of luxury does not make them sad, though they take, perhaps, a certain pleasure in reflecting that those who enjoy it are not thereby preserved from the worsen ills to which flesh is heir. This reflection, however, has a dramatic and a spiritual as well as a spiteful side. The suffering rich are as colored illustrations in a drama which has its tragic passages, and serve to prove the common humanity which underlies the artificial barriers of the social system. The best among the poor do undoubtedly feel that suffering forms a bond of union between them and those with whom it sometimes seems that they have so little in common. A vague idea that in the next world rich and poor will change places is very widespread, being founded partly upon a literal interpretation of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and

partly upon a natural desire to justify in their own minds the ways of God to men. The Roman Catholic poor, who in this country are almost all Irish, are, we have been told, seriously consoled in trouble by the thought that they are shortening their term of purgatory. The Roman Church would seem to have succeeded in throwing an atmosphere of sanctity over the misfortunes of the faithful,—or is this notion, as it were, in the build of the Irish people? Sorrow is always counted among the beautiful attributes of a personified Ireland.

The humor of the poor, when it is not mere chaff, very often appears in the guise of philosophy. The present writer heard the other day from the son of a Suffolk laborer a story which illustrates his meaning. The farmer on whose land the laborer worked was well known for his meanness, and, as a rule, he gave his men no beer in the harvest field. One day, however, he found his own beer was getting sour, and unless quickly used would be entirely wasted. He sent the barrel accordingly into the field, and next day, meeting the father of the man who tells the story, he asked: "How did you all like that beer?" "That was just right for us, Sir," replied the laborer. "If it had been any better we shouldn't have had it, and if it had been any worse we couldn't have drunk it." Most of the superstitions of the English poor are mere nonsense, but a few are no doubt consolatory, and are founded upon something in their characters which is very fine. They firmly believe that a man is safe in the pursuit of his duty; that duty, as it were, nullifies danger. This idea is literally contradicted every day before their eyes, but they are dimly conscious that in believing it they have got hold of some sort of truth which is superior to the actual facts, and they refuse, as usual, to be misled by logic. Of the same

nature is the idea that what is given away is not missed. Poverty is always supposed to curtail liberty. Nevertheless, there are ways in which the poor are very free. As a rule, all their possessions will go into a cart. They can move and begin life anew in a fresh place with far more ease than richer folks, who have so often innumerable and almost unbreakable ties binding them to continue in the same groove. Their public opinion is not severe, and such as it is they can generally run away from it. The customs of a complex civilization, and the consequent craving for comfort, often become as padded fetters impeding every movement of the man who believes that his money makes him free. The present writer was talking this week to a doctor who has a great knowledge of the country poor. He said he believed the amount of consolation afforded to them, especially in illness, from the unconscious recognition of the idea which inspired Bunyan's poem beginning, "He that is down need fear no fall," was not at all understood by the classes above them. The sense that a certain position has been won and must be held is never absent from the lower middle class, and probably in some form or other reaches to the top at least of the professional world. That this sense of strain should be more mentally wearing than the fear of hunger or the workhouse seems unlikely at first sight. But on thinking it over one realizes that the sense of effort is always there, and therefore goes on mechanically when work is stopped, while the other

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fear is entirely absent under normal conditions. That the English poor man does not fear financial ruin until it is upon him is proved by the fact that he refuses to save even when his wages are such as would make a French fortune. Of course the consolation of mind and the sense of bodily pleasure incident upon well-done physical work are very great. All men of all kinds know this, and the rich seek in sport the pleasure which Nature intended to make incidental upon necessity. In this pleasure, however, a great proportion of the poor have nowadays no part. The indoor work of a factory hand is often purely mechanical, and yields none of the delights which arise from the exercise of either the mind or the body.

The wonderful thing about poor people is that, living as they do close to the terrible actualities of the world, with want and disease and crime and death standing about them in naked horror, unscreened by the fictions, the artifices, and the ignorances begotten of wealth, they meet life with as much courage as, and death with rather more than, those whose good fortune has prevented them from looking either the one or the other fully in the face.

What do these consolations come to? Not much beyond a partial immunity from anxiety, the cares of property, fear, and regret. Yet these are very positive advantages, and have played a great part in the building up of the English character. After all, as Burke said, "the public is poor."

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OXFORD.

"How many horses have you got up this term?" "Only got four at present, but I'm having two more later." That is a fragment of the conversation which the writer overheard some years ago while dining at the Gridiron Club at Oxford. There were, if he remembers rightly, shaded lights on the table; there was an excellent dinner mainly composed of the cooking called French; there were good trained waiters, and some few of the company were in evening dress. It was a scene of what we might call luxury and refinement, and it has been vividly brought back to memory by passages of a book lately published by Mr. Heinemann, "The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale, their Lives and their Letters." The picture of Oxford painted in his letters home by George Fothergill, who went up to Queen's in 1722—six years before Johnson went to Pembroke—is a very different picture. There was luxury, if little refinement at Oxford in those days. The Whig satirist who wrote in a little periodical published a few years later called *Terræ Filius*, describes the dandy of his day with his stiff silk gown "which rustles in the wind as he struts along," his flax tie-wig, his white stockings and ruffled shirt. He appears to have lived a very idle and elegant existence, and to have spent most of his time at different coffee-houses. We remember Gibbon's phrase: "the velvet cap was the cap of liberty"; and Gibbon himself was a Gentleman Commoner, who "eloped," as he calls it, whenever he liked, from Oxford to London. We remember, too, Gilbert White with his "mountain wine" and his crest engraved on his teaspoons. But the other side of the picture was a far greater contrast to the bright side in those days than it is

to-day. There are poor scholars, of course, now: there are even scholars for whom the ordinary expenses of college life are too heavy to be borne, but the poorest of them would be wealthy by the side of George Fothergill or of Samuel Johnson. Not that George was destitute. His father was a "statesman" of Ravenstonedale in Westmoreland; but though his own house was doubtless plentifully supplied (we find poor George longing, in Oxford, for "a little of your Christmas pye"), money was not easily spared. "The sum he received from home does not seem to have exceeded £20 to £30 a year," and it is clear that he had a hard struggle—not always successful—to "make things meet." Let us say at once that that phrase of his does not apply to his clothes, of which we hear a good deal. "You may make," he writes after a year's residence, "the stockings and shirts much the same bigness with those I had when I came. I'm not much grown."

He should have grown, had he been properly fed, for he was only a boy of sixteen, though a scholar of Queen's, when he came from home, riding on horseback in the care of the carrier and taking a week on the journey—and never to see Ravenstonedale again for nearly forty years. And this is what he writes in his first letter:

I can give no account of the price of anything my tutor has got in, for he does not let me know. I am in the same room as I was first in, but my tutor has spoke for another, which I hope I shall go into shortly, and it pleases me pretty well, and is without a bed-fellow. We have prayers daily, twice in our new chapel, for the most part at 6 A.M. and always at 5 in the afternoon.

So George's money (with the exception of a very little pocket-money and an occasional "tip") is in the hands of his tutor, and he is proud—equally proud three years later—to get a room to himself. George appears to have been a very good boy—for boy is all we can call him. He was never, so far as we know, "sconced," like Johnson, twopence for cutting a lecture "not worth a penny." And though he never gives expression to such sentiments as Johnson's beautiful "A man who becomes Jorden's pupil becomes his son," he had a tutor who was both honest and kind. The days were not really so very far distant when the tutor had to collect his stipend from his pupils (hence, O unhappy undergraduates of to-day, the title of "collections"); but there is a significant entry in one of George's letters:

My tutor continues to show me much respect, and seems to be very much for my continuing on the Foundation. He has received the money you sent him on my account, and so have I, for which I return you unfeigned thanks. I believe it will be as well to let giving him the half-crown alone; 'tis a thing not very common.

Still, with such generous parents and so good a tutor, it was a hard fight. George started it in high spirits; he was going, indeed, to keep up to the fashions. "None in college but myself wear yarn stockings," says the young dalesman in his first letter, written in April. By October his tone has changed. It has turned cold, and George has been six months from home: "I shall make use of my yarn stockings a little this winter." And a year later: "My breeches were both so bad, that I was forced to get Henry Hall to make me up a pair." Much of his clothes and some of his food came from home by the carrier, just as Carlyle looked to the carrier when he was a student at Edinburgh; and George so delighted in

a piece of beef ("James Ward, Joseph Elliotson, and I cut a collop or two of it last night, very sweetly") that we cannot but suspect he had too little meat for a growing boy.

In 1723 he was admitted "on Servitor," by the intercession of his tutor. That brought him £8 a year, and his tutor helped him further by getting some one else made "junior" servitor, and so "freed me from a slavery which I always dreaded, and which I could not well have undergone." And he proceeds:

My tutor likewise has given me a Gentleman Comoner last night, which I called up this morning. . . . So that for calling up, I have about five pounds per year, viz. five shillings a quarter of each of the three Comoners which I had before, which comes to three pounds a year, and ten shillings a quarter for this Gentleman Com.: which makes up five pounds.

George Fothergill was a gentleman and the son of a gentleman; and he had to make "things meet" by calling Commoners and Gentlemen Commoners in the morning. And he lives, as his accounts show, from the beginning of August to the end of November on £12 2s. 10d., of which tutorage absorbed a guinea and books twenty-six shillings. "I believe," he writes on October 18, 1723 (in the same letter which bewails the fate of his breeches), "I was this quarter about one pound fourteen shillings in Battles, which is considerably less than I used to be." No wonder he was "not much grown!"

It was partly, no doubt, actual want of money, but very largely the position which want of money entails, which caused George to lead the life rather of a schoolboy (or a servant) than of a man.

I'm now, and have been a pretty while, very well contented with a college life, notwithstanding our great

confinement. . . . I've scarce been a mile out of Oxford above twice, scarce ever had a hat upon my head, and never been on horseback since I came to this place. And, if I could give myself liberty, I could long to see you all, and if we all live till a new summer, I shall know more whether I can have the opportunity, but I'm afraid I shall not get leave.

Leave from his tutor or from his Gentleman Commoner? It is not quite clear, but on another occasion we find him unable to go home, "for the gentlemen whom I call up would, of necessity, be disposed of another way," and George would lose the money. "I must confess I am sometimes conscious to myself of some inclination to envy the happiness of others," is his worst grumble.

It is gratifying to know that he won through his struggles, that he passed from Servitor to Poor Child, and thence to Taberdar, which meant sixteen guineas a year; that he got pupils at four guineas a term (one of them was Fanny D'Arblay's Dr. Harrington), and died Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, where his picture is (or was) to be seen.

His letters give us but few particulars of his studies. We read of Hebrew lectures, and his own tastes lay in the direction of theology, but the books he mentions are few and mostly dead. He has little to say, either, of High Tory Oxford of the day. He was himself, of course, a Tory and

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High Churchman, though he once thought of cutting his hair. But we never hear of him helping to burn a chapel or mob the Whigs. The value of his letters lies in the honest picture he draws of the life at a University of one who had no money and was dependent on his own exertions—a picture that may be set side by side with those left by Johnson and Goldsmith. There is poverty, we believe—real poverty—still to be found in some of the Scottish Universities. Is there, or was there ever, the same menial position awaiting the poor scholar? Does he have to "call up" Gentlemen Commoners, or "carry in their Commons out of the kitchen into the Hall, and their bread and beer out of the Buttery"? At Oxford, at any rate, the Gentleman Commoner, though he has lost the title, remains much the same—less drunken and less lordly, but still as serenely indifferent to the rules of the institution; but he is not waited on by the scholars. The odd thing is that George Fothergill and his like—good boys at heart, not wild Irish rebels—appear to have found nothing *infra dig.* in their duties. They regarded them, perhaps, as the public-school boys of twenty years ago regarded real fagging. And they grew to love Oxford. The lordly Gibbon, who knew nothing of the duties that "may possibly have been imposed on the poor scholars," disowned his mother; Johnson's "love and admiration for Pembroke" were "entertained to the last."

THE NATURE OF COMEDY.

The appearance of Mr. George Meredith's essay on comedy in the convenient little edition of his works pub-

lished by Messrs. Constable¹ seems a good enough reason for reading that fine piece of general criticism again, and also for considering the two questions with which it mainly deals, namely, the justification and the essen-

¹ "An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit." By George Meredith. London: Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

tial nature of comedy. You may say that comedy is justified by its works enough to satisfy any one except a stupid Puritan. Yet there are plays passing for comedies which men neither Puritan nor stupid have wished unwritten; and, in any case, it is well sometimes to try and think first principles out clearly, even about the best established things, and to try and state them in a manner acceptable to the contemporary mind. It would be worth while, for any one who could do it, to think out a justification of tragedy; and comedy is not so well established as tragedy; for we know a tragedy when we see it, but we are not so sure of a comedy. It is a term that covers many kinds of plays, from the romantic or half-romantic plays of Shakespeare, such as *As You Like It* or *Much Ado* down to modern things that are sometimes almost melodrama and sometimes quite farce.

It is plain that, if we are to find some general justification for comedy as a particular kind of literature, we must apply some definite meaning to the word, and Mr. Meredith early in his essay sets to work to discover that meaning. He quotes Molière's remark that it is a strange business to make just men laugh, and that remark helps us some way to an understanding of the nature of comedy. Too many attempters of comedy have been content only to provoke laughter without asking themselves what was the character of those who laughed. Nearly all the playwrights of the Restoration were of this kind. They took the line of least resistance and wrote to amuse those who wished to be amused at all costs. There can be no idea, no principles, no theory of life in this kind of writing. The result of it may be comedy sometimes, more often it is likely to be mere horse-play or filth. But just men are not so eager to laugh that they will laugh at anything

which makes them feel superior to belabored puppets on a stage. They must be convinced first, in conscience and in reason, that a thing is essentially absurd and deserves ridicule before they will laugh at it; and their humanity will be pleased when they find that any kind of wrong can best be attacked with the gentle castigation of laughter. That is the secret of the delight of true comedy. It is criticism, but of the most humane kind. In a satire you may be savage without revolting any one—you are attacking men only by their names. But in a comedy you set real and living figures before your audience. You may speak in a satire of lashing vices till the blood comes, but you cannot lash personified vices before the very eyes of men in a comedy. You must always remember that your audience are there to laugh, and it would be degrading to make them laugh at a fierce punishment, however just. That first aim of the comedian, to provoke laughter, makes it necessary in any civilized society that, if he is to provoke laughter by criticism, his criticism should never be angry. We have therefore arrived now at something like a definition of comedy, or at least of its proper object. That is to provoke laughter by criticism, and further to provoke the laughter of just men. This implies that the criticism must be just as well as good-tempered. It must be addressed to the good sense as well as to the good nature of the world. "It is," says Mr. Meredith, "an interpretation of the general mind, and is for that reason of necessity kept in restraint." In this respect he distinguishes it from humor which may be the manner in which a man chooses to express his own idiosyncrasies of thought and which may therefore be freakish and extravagant. Such extravagance and freakishness would lead to cruelty and unreason in a com-

edy, for then living human beings would be its sport; and our sense of justice would be revolted by the spectacle of the humorist playing irresponsibly with his characters like a child with a kitten. We have only to imagine a comedy by Thomas Carlyle, whom Mr. Meredith takes for his type of the humorist, to see that in true comedy humor must be tamed and regulated by some law outside it and above it.

Sweetness and light and right reason, those good things of which Matthew Arnold so often talked, are the peculiar excellences of comedy; and that we have, as he used to complain, far too little of them is proved by the fact that though we are always aiming at comedy we seldom or never achieve it. We have a playwright who is near to being a comic master, and yet he fails, because he is too much of a humorist and because he does not appeal to the good sense of the world. Mr. Shaw would say, no doubt, that there is no good sense to appeal to. But it is just because he fails to find that good sense, and in his works to make it clearer to those who possess it, that he fails to be a great comedian. A disbelief in the right reason of man and of the universe is the very essence of his art. He criticises the normal itself, and not merely aberrations from the normal like the true comedian. It is pleasant enough to have the normal reduced to an absurdity for once in a way, but even while we enjoy the reduction we remember that it is only a game, a kind of fairy story spiced with bitterness for sophisticated palates; and Mr. Shaw is terribly handicapped, compared with the true comedian, by the fact that seriousness is fatal to his art. There is no incongruity in the seriousness of the true comedian. He is always appealing to our reason. There is logic and a belief in the rectitude of man and the universe

behind all his laughter; and that laughter he uses, like a shaft of sunlight, to waken us out of some painful and preposterous dream, so that when we are fully awake he can talk to us as seriously as he chooses. He appeals from Philip drunk to Philip sober. But Mr. Shaw postulates that Philip is always drunk; and his plays are calculated to give us a holiday sense of harmless intellectual insobriety, in which we can laugh at the fools who try to keep solemn in the midst of a staggering universe. Yet when he has worked us into this state of mind he starts to preach at us, and then he wonders that we should laugh at him. He takes himself for a realist, yet all his plays are founded on the assumption that the universe is chaos; and it is by placing human beings like ourselves, born and bred in an orderly world, in the midst of this imagined chaos of his, that he makes his fun for us. That is to say, he is really a writer of farces; for the distinction between farce and comedy consists in this, that comedy presumes the world to be what it is and farce presumes it to be something different and moves us to laughter by means of the bewilderment which that difference produces in the characters on the stage. Farce, in fact, is a kind of practical joke perpetrated by the playwright upon his characters, and all of Mr. Shaw's plays are practical jokes of this kind, often made the more amusing by the author's ingenuity in contending that his devilled universe is the true reality. The fact is that Mr. Shaw does not know himself well enough to be a true comedian, for the true comedian must know himself as well as other men, and he must make this self-knowledge of his clear to his audience, or they will quickly mistrust his criticism of life. It is perhaps because we are not apt to know ourselves well in this age that we cannot write true comedy.

We have no test to judge the world by, since we have no habit of judging ourselves. We see monstrous absurdities growing up about us, as they grow up in all societies, and we are angry at them; but we cannot laugh them away because our minds are befogged by absurdities of our own. We condemn these absurdities of others by their evil results alone, and not by their very nature. We are empirical in our judgment of life. But true comedy is not empirical, and appeals to something surer than hand to mouth experience. It has a knowledge and a test by which it can judge the very nature of things. It sees the essential absurdity of what is wrong, for it must prove that absurdity before it can make the wrong appear ridiculous. This is the reason why it is apt to be more powerful than more direct and solemn forms of attack. The modern

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problem play, for instance, which is usually so far from a comedy, attacks something by showing its evil results. The attack is always enfeebled by our sense that the evil results are contrived by the playwright. He seems to be arguing from statistics which he has collected and edited himself. But the true comedy has nothing to do with results or statistics. By the very fact that its object is to provoke laughter it is debarred from representing the full evil of results. It must expose the absurdity of the process which produces them. Its aim is prevention rather than cure. It prescribes open windows, wholesome habits and diet, rather than drugs or the knife, and this kind of prescription can only be given by a doctor who knows the causes as well as the symptoms of disease and who presumes that he has to do with reasonable patients.

THE SUCCESSION OF FRENCH PRESIDENTS.

The election of M. Fallières to succeed M. Loubet as President of the French Republic is as emphatic an assertion as could possibly be afforded on the part, not quite necessarily of the French people, but of a substantial majority of French politicians, and of a large proportion of French Republican politicians, that they not only wish their Republic to continue, but wish it to continue of the same type and color as those with which of late years we have been familiar. The President of the Republic is elected, as our readers are aware, by the members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies sitting together, for the occasion, as a National Assembly. For practical purposes, on this occasion, there were only two candidates, and they happened to be the Presidents of the two Houses respectively, M. Fallières and

M. Doumer. On Tuesday all the Republican members of both Houses were summoned to a preliminary meeting of selection, with the result that M. Fallières obtained 416 votes and M. Doumer 191, while 42 were scattered among various other politicians who did not really put themselves forward. The election itself took place on the following day, when M. Fallières obtained 449 votes and M. Doumer 371. It seems probable, if not certain, that only Republicans voted for M. Fallières, and that the difference between 191 and 371 cast for M. Doumer was due altogether, or almost entirely, to the accession to his side of the anti-Republican parties, who voted for him both as being the candidate who divided the Republicans most, and also as being in certain aspects of temperament, if not in politi-

cal views, more congenial to them than the President of the Senate. Unquestionably the fact, if such we may assume it to be, that of Republicans, 446 voted on Wednesday for M. Fallières against 191 for M. Doumer, represents a decisive preponderance of feeling among Republican politicians that the former is more congenial to them. That means, as we have said, that they wish the prevailing current of French public life to be and to look the same as for some years past it has been and looked.

In other words, they wish it to be sober, law-abiding, economically conservative at home, solving social problems sympathetically when possible, but never disturbing the sense of security enjoyed by all owners of property; and, abroad, they wish it to be unadventurous, without ambitions for territorial expansion or for glory, but firm in the vindication of French interests and French honor, and loyal both to old alliances and new friendships. So far, indeed, as concerns the last two clauses of this continuing policy for which the election of M. Fallières means that French Republicans preponderantly desire, we have no reason whatever to suppose that the election of M. Doumer, or any other conceivable candidate for the Presidency, through the combination of whatever groups of politicians, would have meant anything different. But in other respects it is beyond doubt that very many of those who voted for M. Doumer would desire a France distinctly different from that to be expected under M. Fallières, who now follows M. Loubet as Chief Magistrate. The new, as the retiring, President has the solid virtues of that rural lower middle class to which they both belong. Behind M. Fallières there lies, as behind M. Loubet on his election to the Presidential Chair there lay, an honorable career of steady advance-

ment, through local public service to the Chamber of Deputies, and through Ministry after Ministry to the Presidency of the Senate. Each of them, it is well understood, has retained, unspoiled, the simplicity of tastes associated with his early life, while acquiring, at the same time, the width of outlook essential for those who have to do with the conduct, at home and abroad, of the affairs of one of the first of civilized nations. It has never been claimed for either of them that he possessed those glittering qualities which in other days, and, indeed, in days not so very far distant, seemed to have a special attraction for the French nation. But it has been shown in the case of M. Loubet that the absence of anything which can be called brilliancy is entirely compatible both with the maintenance of an unchallengeable dignity, entirely worthy of the Chief Magistrate of a great democratic State, and with the tact and insight into the essence of public questions which are of supreme necessity to him who occupies so exalted and responsible a station. As with M. Loubet, so is it reasonably expected that France and the world will find it with M. Fallières. In his first utterance on his election he promised to walk in his predecessor's footsteps, "and to be ever inspired by his example," and there is the best ground for believing that he has both the purpose and the capacity to realize that ideal.

Other ideals are, no doubt, possible for the President of a democratic State. We have only to look across the Atlantic to see them exemplified. The present President of the United States regards it as his function to take a perpetual initiative, alike in home and in foreign affairs. In one way or another Mr. Roosevelt is almost always *en évidence* before his fellow-countrymen and the world—himself guiding the foreign policy of the

United States, himself seeking to influence the action of other States, and sometimes with signal success, himself striving to educate American opinion, and to give direction to the legislation as well as to the executive policy of his country. But then it has to be remembered, first, that under the working of the American Constitution, Mr. Roosevelt is, though he did not begin his Presidential service as, the elect of the American people; and, secondly, that, also under the Constitution, he enjoys a scope for action much wider than that possessed by the President of the French Republic. Broadly speaking, it may be said with sufficient approach to truth, that the American President wields powers analogous to those exercised by the British Sovereign in the eighteenth century, while the constitutional powers of the French President correspond much more closely to those which, in practice, are recognized as now attaching to the British Sovereign. The American Cabinet, to take only one example of the practical difference between the respective positions of the two Republican Chief Magistrates, consists of the nominees of the President, and cannot be turned out by any vote of the Congress. The acts of the French President must be countersigned by a Minister, and no French Minister can stand against hostile Chambers. It does not follow that a French President might not constitutionally play a

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more prominent part in the guidance of public affairs than has been usual with those who have filled the Chief Magistrate's chair, and with M. Loubet in particular. It is possible that M. Doumer, if elected, might have read his duty so. But it is tolerably clear that in electing a politician who, it was well understood, would walk in the footsteps of M. Loubet, the great majority of French Republican politicians must be taken to mean that they want no substantial change in their President's interpretation of his functions. They wish him to be the constitutional chief of the modern European type, standing for the most part in the background so far as the direction of policy is concerned, and only in the front for purposes and occasions of state and ceremony. It is hardly possible to say with certainty whether the French people are of the same opinion, for they have had no direct voice in the election. The Chamber is three years old, and only a third of the Senate has of late been partially renewed, and that not by direct suffrage. But in the fact that M. Fallières is, to all appearances, a specially favorable product of the great country-bred *bourgeoisie*, which constitutes the backbone of the conservative—though anti-clerical—Republic, there seems to be a powerful presumption that, in the main, the National Assembly in choosing him has uttered the voice of the nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. H. W. Brailsford, who has made a personal study of conditions in Macedonia and has made five visits to the near East, including a winter spent among the Macedonian villages after the insurrection of 1903, has written a

book on Macedonia which is to be published in the spring.

The widow of the late William Sharp announces that she intends to write a memoir of her husband, and,

through the London literary journals, she asks for the loan of any letters or other documents likely to be of service, whether of a personal nature, or relative to his work as William Sharp or Fiona Macleod.

Among the literary men elected on the Liberal side to the new Parliament are Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the popular novelist, Mr. Herbert Paul, a prominent contributor to the reviews, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, literary editor of *The Daily News*, and Mr. G. P. Gooch, author of a *History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*.

The *Life* of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick has been completed by his widow and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, his brother, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The chief materials upon which the work is based consist of a large autobiographical fragment dictated during Henry Sidgwick's last illness; an intermittent journal which he kept between 1884 and 1892, and sent at intervals to John Addington Symonds at Davos; and private letters. The life is largely made up of extracts from these materials.

Apropos of the recent publication of a "Little Book of Graces" The Academy remarks:

We are afraid that the beautiful habit of what our Scotch neighbors call "asking a blessing" is not so common as it was in the days when Bewick drew his tail-pieces. Those who know Bewick's charming tail-pieces may remember one in which a gaunt Northumbrian hind, evidently a bachelor, is seated at the kitchen table, with his hands outstretched over a bowl of

porridge, on which he is asking a blessing with closed eyes, while all the time the domestic cat is liberally helping itself to his supper. No one sat down to a meal without "asking a blessing on it," and there must be some curious and quaint graces that were once well known in country districts, but which have never found their way into print. A variety there was bound to be, because of the differences of custom; in one house the head of the family invariably said grace, while in another the task was allotted to the youngest, and as there is no set formula some of the expressions were curious.

Mr. Henry George Jr.'s "The Menace of Privilege" (The Macmillan Company) is further described in the subtitle as "A Study of the Dangers to the Republic from the Existence of a Favored Class." In this striking, not to say startling volume, Mr. George has marshalled an extraordinary array of facts tending to support his contention that through the growth of monopolies built up on special privilege and abundantly able to purchase its continuance, the republic is endangered and the ultimate overthrow of existing institutions is made possible. He does not deal in generalizations but cites specific instances and concrete cases with fearless freedom. He has, of course, a remedy at hand, the same remedy for which his father stood, the single land tax. Whatever one may think of this remedy, it is impossible for a disinterested and thoughtful American to read these trenchant chapters without being impressed with the real gravity of the evils which Mr. George describes and assails. The book is not one to be dismissed off-hand. Cheerful optimists may deny it a reading; but it is certain to exercise a wide-reaching influence.